COUNTRY LIFE

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LADY PAGET.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE WILD ORCHARD

PROBABLY it is a sign of the times that the rural poor do not recognise, as freely as they once did, the treasures that Nature offers to them in autumn. Modern stores, and cheap food generally, have made the old recipes obsolescent, and while in mediæval times the belief in wild herbs and fruits approached superstition, we are now going to the opposite extreme, and leaving them to be destroyed by the frost, or devoured by the birds of the air. From the towns to-day there come loiterers and wanderers anxious to pick up what they can of the earth's produce. They confine themselves practically, however, to the collection of a very few kinds of fruit; they gather the blackberries because for these there is an immediate cash value. During recent years the blackberry has come to be more and more prized by the housekeeper, so that the fruit season is looked forward to as a natural harvest. The reason that the blackberry grows so freely in our country lanes lies probably in an old agricultural practice. Tusser advises his readers in making a hedge to plough up the breadth of a ridge, and after quick-set has been planted "to sow in the seed of the bramble and haw." Probably in the poet's time children devoured the ripe fruit, but it was reserved to the people of a later date to know what could be done in the way of its cookery in conjunction with apples and other fruit. The commonest object of search, after the blackberry, is undoubtedly the hazel-nut. Throughout the length and breadth of the country these nuts appear to have been gathered against the ceremonies of Allhallow E'en, when the country people, as Burns sang, came together to burn their nuts and tell fortunes by them. The modern schoolboy, however, is not much addicted to superstition, and he collects these nuts for the simple purpose of eating them. In an earlier century they seem to have been collected; at least, Evelyn tells us that, when fully ripe and boiled in water, "they make a pudding very little, if at all, inferior to that our ladies make of almonds." Few would grudge to the children of the poorer classes the nuts of the hedgerow, if they would confine their pillaging to them; but those cultivated at considerable expense in actual orchards in many cases prove too much of a temptation, with the result that theft ensues. It is the same, to some extent, with mushrooms. Few farmers would grudge to their poor neighbours the actual fungi; but the temptation of gathering them brings a horde of people, many of whom have no control over their hands or inclinations. They collect whatever they can lay their hands on; they leave the gates open, they frighten the stock, and break down the fences, all the time basing their conduct on a claim to the natural fruits of the earth. Next in importance to these we should, perhaps, put the crab-apple. In days when other fruit was hard to obtain, the crabs were collected in quantities and were regarded as one of the most useful of wild Nature's productions. Their most ordinary destination was to be boiled down into jelly, and kept as a delicacy for the winter months. If that is not so now, to the same extent, the reason simply is that jams, jellies and preserved fruits generally can be obtained so easily and cheaply at the shops.

A very much neglected plant is the elder. It seems to have been highly prized by our forefathers, as, indeed, the very name it has in the North, the bower tree, implies. It was useful in all its different stages. Out of the flowers was distilled a fine scent, and out of the berries a wine which is one of the very best of our home-made products of the kind. A recent writer has called it a horrible preparation, but it is evident he must have made acquaintance with it under very unfavourable conditions. Here and there one meets a villager who has the art of preparing elderberry wine as it should be done, and when this is so there is no finer drink. It is used in the Midlands to a large extent, in place of spirituous liquor, and is deemed an admirable drink to take hot by those who are afflicted with colds. An old writer tells us that "It is profitable for the Head-ach, for Ravings and Wakings, Hypocondriack and Mellancholly, the Falling-sickness, Catarrhes, Deafeness, Faintness and Feavours. The young shoots boyled like Asparagos, and the young leaves and stalkes boyled in fat broth draweth forth mightily Choler, and so do the tender Leaves eaten with Oyle and Salt." Of course, this is not credited by the modern cynic; but, still, the virtues of elder-flower water and elderberry wine are very well known to those familiar with the medical lore of the country-side. It would not be quite true to say that the sloe is neglected. On the contrary, as far as our observation goes, this bitter fruit is collected almost as soon as it appears. It cannot be for eating, although recent excavations at Silchester seem to show that the sloe with the damson and the cherry were eaten in Roman Bath; at least, the stones of the three have been found together in a state of preservation. But probably the main cause for the gathering of the fruit at this time of the year is the partiality for sloe gin, which is one of those drinks that can be very easily made. Like other wild fruits, sloes are often preserved, but we doubt if they are very palatable in that form.

The oak and the beech tree have been used much more for the lower animals than for man. We have records going back to the time of the Conqueror showing that oak woods had a value as feeding-places for pigs. The beech was cultivated in deer parks, because the mast has always been a favourite food with deer. For a similar reason crab-apple trees were plentifully planted in the forests and preserves. There was a time in the history of England, however, when food was so scarce and dear that the labourers ground mast into a kind of flour which they baked in loaves. Nearly all the winged and furred inhabitants of the woodland are fond of mast, and at the time when it is falling the tree roots are visited in turn by deer, pigs, badgers, squirrels and dormice. The clamouring jay quarrels with the pheasant for his share of it, and the greedy wood-pigeons stuff themselves to the point of repletion. The yew never has been valued for its berry, although this is at least innocuous. The mournful cypress and dark yew have ever been regarded as trees of ill-omen, fitting ornaments for the sepulchre. Otherwise the latter was regarded, in the forcible language of one of the Elizabethans, as "the yugh, fearefull to look upon, a cursed tree." Yet there is always a kindly sentiment clinging to it, because out of its branches were the bows of the English archers made at a time when the success of English arms depended upon our bowmen.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Paget. Lady Paget is a daughter of Mr. Paran Stevens of New York, and her marriage to Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Henry Fitzroy Paget took place in 1878.

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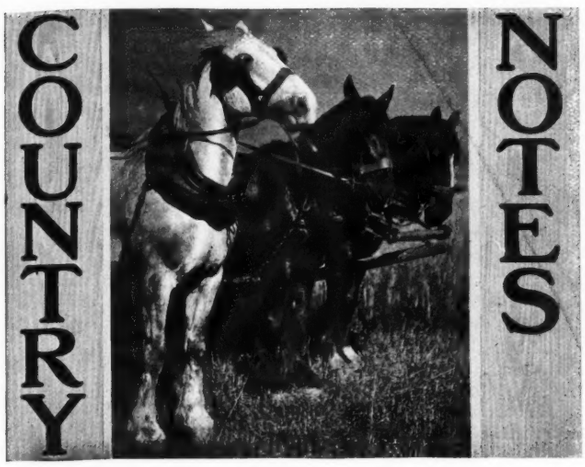


MID-SEPTEMBER is somewhat late for the Government to be still reporting on crop prospects. Usually by now the time of prospect is past, and that of realisation has set in. However, the conclusions arrived at by the Whitehall experts gain with interest as time advances, since the final report is likely to be the more authoritative. Wheat is now over average, barley up to average, and oats above average, the last mentioned being much the best of the corn crops. These remarks, unfortunately, apply only to quantity. The quality, according to the farmers, is bad, and the statements of the farmers are corroborated by reports from the markets. Potatoes have gone back, the more so in England than in Scotland owing to the fact that there is more disease in the South. Roots, too, have tended to deteriorate, though this applies more to the North than the South. The hay crop has been a bulky one, and the crop has turned out better than was anticipated. The hops are below the average. These reports, it will be seen, are much more optimistic than could have been expected while the rains of June and July were still falling.

Speculation has been roused by the fact that at Swindon hiring market this year, for the first time for many years past, the supply of agricultural labour greatly exceeded the demand. Commentators have tried hard to explain the reason; farmers who were present for the purpose of engaging servants said that the plentifulness had been their experience during the whole of the past year. On the one side it is argued that people are getting tired of town life, and are returning to the land; and on the other, that a considerable amount of town labour has been displaced by the working of the new Compensation Act, and that those who have been thrown out of employment in towns are now seeking it in the country. Whatever may be the explanation, the fact is noteworthy, and may to advantage be studied along with the very interesting letter from Mr. Welton which appears in another part of this journal. The writer has set himself very assiduously to collect facts relating to the rural exodus, and his letter is certain to receive the attention it deserves.

Mr. Welton opens up an engaging theme. It would require an almost microscopic analysis to show how the country population is reinforced from the towns. What we do know with certainty is that the farmer of to-day, with his labour-saving machinery, does not require any longer so much manual labour as did his predecessor fifty years ago. On the other hand, take the pastime of golf, and try to trace its effect upon population; this cannot be dismissed as slight. Golf clubs have been established over the length and breadth of the land. It is scarcely possible to visit a country town without finding facilities for playing the game. Many of the clubs are situated at considerable distances from the railway station. They not only induce players to live in their vicinity, but give employment to green-keepers, caddies, cabmen and various other hangers-on that help to swell the population. Whether this be a desirable form of the back-to-the-land movement or not, it would be difficult to say; but we commend it to the attention of Mr. Welton as a distinct feature in the case.

Tinned fruit is likely to come under the same suspicion that tinned meat incurred last year. A report issued by the Provincial Board of Health of Ontario shows that fruit is tinned under very undesirable conditions in the chief fruit-producing district of Canada. It appears that about 2,000 men and women are employed during the canning season, and that these include about 200 Indians. The accommodation provided for them is certainly not superior to that of the Kent hop-pickers. Dr. Bell says that their sleeping and living quarters "were often kept in a most wretched condition, and in some cases thirty to forty were disgracefully huddled together in one compartment." It is difficult to obtain help in the district, but, as Dr. Bell suggests, if the accommodation were improved, workers might easily be attracted from the Canadian cities. His colleague, Dr. Hodgetts, confirms his view and adds: "Certainly personal cleanliness must be insisted upon, for that, as a rule, is not to be found at present." Undoubtedly, tinned fruit is a very great convenience, especially in the winter, and we hope the Canadian Government will take the matter in hand, so that consumers may have the assurance that the work is done under circumstances that will preclude any idea of contamination or pollution.

One feature of this season awaits explanation. According to theory, grass brought into luxuriance by the superabundance of moisture ought to have been watery and innutritious. This is a very plausible theory, but fortunately the facts do not support it. From many quarters we hear that the livestock have done uncommonly well during the present season. They have had an abundance of grass, and if we are to judge by their condition, this grass has possessed even more than the average feeding quality. Some of our readers, perhaps, may be able to give the necessary explanation. At present, we have only been concerned with the facts, and after consulting with many owners of herds and flock-masters, we are driven to the conclusion that farm animals have flourished exceedingly in this rainy summer.

OH, HAVE YOU BEEN TO TIRED TOWN?

Oh, have you been to Tired Town
Where everything goes roun' and roun',
When you just sit upon the floor,
And nothing 'terests you no more?

Oh, have you been to Cuddlin' Town?
Your mother walks you up and down,
Just snuggled in her arms so strong,
And sings a hushy little song.

Oh, have you been to Sleeping Town?
Things steal away and make no soun',
But mother's sitting there all right,
And when you wake up it is light.

ELIZABETH B. PIERCY.

There is a certain taint which has been found to cling to much of the butter exported from Australia, to which has been given the nasty but expressive name of "fishiness." It is so disagreeable, and the cause of such a serious loss to the producers and importers of the butter, that the Queensland Department of Agriculture has now determined to appoint a special expert commission to enquire into its causes, with a view of finding, if it be possible, a cure. It seems to be suspected that the taint (of which, of course, any real contact with fish is not even suggested as the cause) is due to the presence of certain bacterial flora, and the investigation will fall within the province of the bacteriological scientists. The presence of numerous bacteria in milk (some of them highly beneficial to human health, but some no less injurious to it) has been familiar to science for many years; but the different functions of the different species still present a large field for further investigation.

An institution that seems to be going out is the Michaelmas goose, which was so dear to our forefathers. Poulterers say that the last week in September shows very little, if any, increased demand for this bird, except it may be in the Midlands and the North, where the working classes still hold the tradition that a goose at Michaelmas is as great a treat as a turkey on Christmas Day. No doubt those who love goose will find the bird at perfection about Michaelmas, that is to say, after a few weeks of suitable feeding. Many would say it is the only time of the year when geese and duck have any claim to be called dainties. It would appear, however, that both are going out of fashion. The duck is replaced by the tender and more delicate chicken, while the turkey has utterly supplanted the goose. It is but another outcome of a change in taste, visible in many quarters. The very fat bacon in which our ancestors delighted no longer finds a sale; and even that heavy and fat type of sheep which was prized by a former generation, no longer disappears with celerity from the butcher's shop. We want all our food to be light, and lean and tender.

The birth of a giraffe at the gardens of the Zoological Society is an occurrence of some importance, since it is now forty years since a similar event took place. This youngster, a male, was born on St. Patrick's Day (March 17th), 1867. The newcomer, a female, was born on Friday afternoon, September 20th, 1907, and is doing well. The new baby is likely to create no little discussion in the immediate future, inasmuch as it has had the temerity to appear in a dress belonging to a quite different

sub-species—according to the latest zoological authorities! Briefly, the case is as follows: The parents of this animal came from Kordofan in the Egyptian Soudan, and were presented by Colonel B. Mahon, D.S.O., on July 12th, 1902, both being then quite immature and not more than half-grown. According to Mr. R. Lydekker, they represent a distinct sub-species—the Nubian or Kordofan race—Giraffa camelopardalis antiquorum. Herein the ground colour of the upper parts is dark buff, blotched with large oval markings of chestnut, having darker centres, the legs white, and a nearly white collar round the neck immediately behind the head. Their offspring, however, has pale chestnut markings of a uniform shade, and quadrangular in shape, on a white background, a livery supposed to be characteristic of the Western or Nigerian race of giraffe—Giraffa camelopardalis peralta.

In the gardens at the present time is a young female of this race from Northern Nigeria, purchased on April 7th, 1905, and this appears to agree exactly with the little giraffe which made its appearance on Friday afternoon. So much so that, had it but been a male, some would have suggested that a mistake, incredible though it would have seemed, had been made in fixing the paternity. It may be, of course, that as the little creature grows up it will assume the coat characters of its parents, in which case it would seem that the Nigerian is the more primitive form and that the peculiarities of the Kordofan race have been assumed for adaptive purposes. Such changes of character are, of course, common enough in birds, and are fairly common in mammals. Thus young eland and young wild pigs, for example, are striped, the one transversely, the other longitudinally, while the adults are unstriped. Young deer and young lions are spotted, where the parents are whole-coloured, and one might add a dozen or so other examples. There is one other noteworthy feature about this little giraffe, and that concerns the horns. These are well developed and tipped with long hair, which is tilted forwards. On Saturday last the keeper remarked that this hair lay flat upon the forehead—that is to say, twenty-four hours after its birth.

Those who know the Dorchester water on which, last Wednesday, the 12¾lb. trout was taken on a small hare's ear, will be especially interested to learn that it was caught at the junction where the water comes in from Fordington Mill, above Grey's Bridge. The extraordinary thing is that the presence of a fish of anything approaching this weight was entirely unsuspected in that part of the water. The Frome below Dorchester has always been famous for its heavy trout, but the one of 9lb. in the museum and another of 7lb. also caught on a small fly were members of that party at the mouth of the sewer which owed their weight to a state of things which has now passed away. Mr. Fillieul's fish, however, though it doubtless benefited by its proximity to the town, was not one of these, and the fact that it rose to a small fly is testimony that it still retained a healthy taste for natural floating food. "The best made-up trout I ever saw for a fish of that size" is the description given of it by an eye-witness of its capture. Its weight was 12lb. 12oz.; length, 29¾in.; girth, 18¾in. It was hooked at 7 p.m. and landed at 8.30 p m. by the aid of a stable lantern and a clothes basket. Its captor has long been known as a fisherman whose success is due not merely to skill, but to very hard work and an ability to take cover behind a thistle, which is an enviable possession, where, as on this water, trout are by no means foolish. One of the sewer fish is still left, but he, it is said, is uncommonly shy and retires up the now unused pipe whenever danger threatens.

Perpetual Scotch mist has made life on the West Coast of Scotland even a moister business than usual this summer and autumn, and while it has been a moist business it has not been a very satisfactory one. In spite of the continual wetting rain the downfall was not heavy enough to bring the rivers into spate and allow the fish to ascend. At the same time, the mist has often been thick enough to spoil grouse-shooting, and very much more often so thick on the higher hills that stalking, which involves far spying, was quite out of the question. After this, it is perhaps but a small matter that it shut out the beauties of scenery from the admirers of the picturesque, and kept the tourist in a constant state of dampness.

Entirely unafflicted with sentiment are the officers of the Inland Revenue. They have just put a stop, by indirect means, to a pleasant little custom which has been established in a Huntingdonshire village from time immemorial. Haddon rejoices in a complete absence of public-houses, and on the occasion of its annual feast it has been the practice of the villagers to purchase two or three barrels of beer and serve the contents to the merry-makers, who assembled in a tent, for their amusement and diversion. The beer was paid for by means of a collection, the account of the brewery being made out to Haddon and Co. However, the matter-of-fact officers of the Inland Revenue have taken proceedings against the two labourers who purchased and stored the beer, with the result that they have been fined for selling intoxicating liquor without a licence. This was in spite of the fact that two witnesses, aged respectively seventy-five years and sixty-four years, testified that the custom had existed all their lives, and that those who ordered the beer were recompensed by the villagers. It would seem from this statement of the facts that the Inland Revenue officers had applied the law with a literalness that perhaps errs on the point of severity.

Everything that makes for freedom and cheapness of postal intercourse between the countries of the world deserves to be noted. On October 1st several important changes will come into operation. Thus the postage on a letter from the United Kingdom to a foreign country will be 2½d. for the first ounce and 1½d. for each subsequent ounce, instead of 2½d. for the first ½oz. and an additional 2½d. for each subsequent ½oz. as at present. The postage on letters to British possessions generally is reduced to 1d. per ounce instead of 1d. per ½oz. Reply coupons are to be issued enabling the sender of a letter to a place abroad to pay for a reply. These may appear to be slight changes, yet we are sure that they will contribute to freedom of intercourse between our own country and the rest of the world. The possibility of sending a letter at a very cheap rate is a potent factor in keeping alive the connection between those who stay at home and the more enterprising members of a family who seek their fortunes abroad. On the business side it will facilitate negotiations between ourselves and citizens of other European States.

DISTRACTIONS.

You bid me sing among the downs,
In solitude serene and sweet,
By golden noon or evening browns,
A song of Light your soul to meet—
And you forget my errant eyes
For those mute dreams that round me rise.

The driven sheep forming a square
Upon the gleaming amber slope;
The poppies nodding in the air;
The swallow's flight, a dream of hope;
And those white ships that sail the sky
Have stolen all my melody.

But, dear, if you should pass this way,
In some near thought, I think you'd know
The tender things my heart would say,
The love I am so dumb to show—
Because you, too, have errant eyes
Wherever wayward poetry lies.

LILIAN STREET.

In one of the American magazines Professor Lasker has given expression to a prophecy that, in a comparatively brief period, the pastime of the whole world will be chess. His idea is that, as civilisation and culture advance, less and less importance will be attached to rivalry that is purely muscular, while more and more attention will be directed to intellect. Of course, it is true enough that some of the most brilliant men have found their recreation in chess. The great Napoleon was passionately addicted to it, and those who will take the trouble to go over his recorded games will find that his strategy on the board was of the same brilliant, sweeping and, we may add, radically unsound character that belonged to his management of armies. The Napoleon of chess, if we may judge from his published games, would fall before Lasker, even as the Napoleon of real life fell before Wellington. Buckle, the historian, used to spend many long hours in Simpson's divan, at the time when Zukertort, Steinitz and Blackburne were *habitués* there. Ruskin, too, at that time, was fascinated by chess, though his views upon the game, as explained to his *protégé*, Mr. Bird, would not now meet with acceptance. Lord Randolph Churchill, a man of very different type, fell equally under the spell. It is, however, rather too much to prophecy, from these examples, that chess in the future will be a popular pastime. At all events, the future must be a very distant one.

It almost seems as if the art of piping—that is to say, of playing on the bagpipes—is not cultivated even in the Highlands as zealously or as successfully as it used to be. That is a conclusion to which one is forced by the result of the piping competition for the Highland Society of London's gold medal at the recent Northern meeting at Inverness. A prize of £5 was added, and there were many entries, but the expert judges are said to have expressed the opinion that the piping was distinctly disappointing. It is necessary that one should be something of an expert to express an opinion at all on the performance, but it does seem a pity that this traditional musical art should not be kept up to its ancient standard of excellence. For the rest, the gathering was a great success, favoured with perfect weather and a very large and distinguished company.

There is very little doing in autumn salmon-fishing just now, and little prospect of good sport until there is a decided change in the weather. If the forecasts are to be trusted, there is not much likelihood of such a change occurring until the end of September, when the fishing in many rivers closes. The Tay remains open into October, and the Tweed much later, so that there is still a chance for the angler on these two most excellent salmon rivers; but, on the whole, the autumn rod-fishing has been somewhat of a failure for want of water to allow fish to run up. In other rivers debouching on the East Coast there have been plenty of fish, but they have been very shy of taking a lure, and now such fish as there are must all be "red" and unlikely to take any bait except prawn. The fish, however, are there, as a stock for the future, if that is any comfort in the present.

Just about the middle of October the wild duck of different kinds—mallard, widgeon and teal—begin a southward migration, and, as a rule, just at that time many lochs and estuaries in Scotland and the North of England are covered with them, stopping for a while to rest on their flight to the South. Golfers at St. Andrews, arriving at the High Hole going out, see them in the estuary of the Eden. The migrations of a good many of the birds have been not quite normal this year. For instance, numbers of fieldfares were reported to be coming into the Midlands as early as the very beginning of autumn. It will be rather interesting to see whether the duck begin their movements at an earlier date than usual. We know that in some parts of the Arctic circle the ice has lasted into the summer much longer than is common, and the floes have stretched so far South as to impede the navigation of ships towards the North at a lower latitude than usual. The prophet, however, who told us that we were never again to have any warm weather because the Gulf Stream had changed its course, has lost such honour as he may have had, for September has passed as if the maligned stream had come to its own again.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

FOR those lovers of Nature who do not possess the purse of Fortunatus, there are few pleasures so thoroughly enjoyable as a walk into the country by unfrequented byeways. There is no more charming season of the year than early autumn for an excursion of this sort, and a few days ago I took advantage of the lovely weather to make a pilgrimage towards some distant hills that I had long wished to visit. Leaving the town, I walked for a while along the crowded highway; but the dust had whitened the hedgerow and lay thick upon the ground, and the noise and glare were unpleasant. It was then with a feeling of freedom and peace that after a while I came upon an almost untrodden road, overgrown with grass and moss, and deeply rutted, branching off to the left. Here the air was refreshingly pure, and a quiet hush seemed suddenly to have

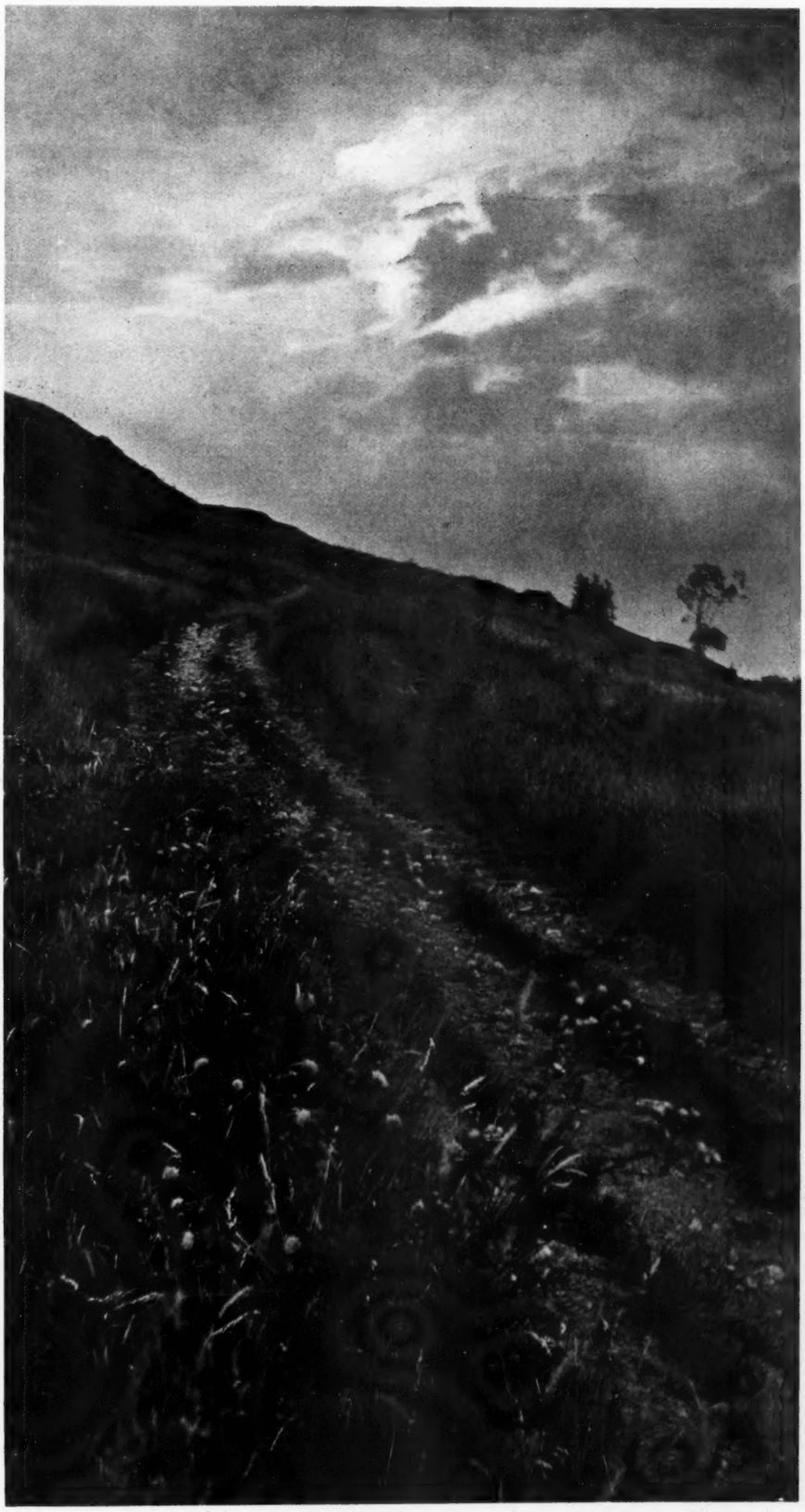
M. C. Cottam, *A THREATENING SUNSET.*

fallen upon the world; even a tiny field-mouse with bright eyes looked at me inquisitively from the shelter of a blackberry bush. The country was a prevailing harmony of brown and bronze, copper and gold, the hedgerow was bright with the scarlet hips and haws, and a mist veiled the hills. When I reached the end of this little lane, I found myself upon a stretch of wild moorland, windswept and bleak. The beauty of the heather had almost vanished, for the colour had faded into a greyish mauve tint, except in the more sheltered spots, where a few vivid splashes of crimson, gleaming like rubies in a setting of bronze, could still be seen. At the side of the track a board stood with the warning "Beware of boggy ground." Looking either to left or right, one would scarcely think that this land merited the term "bog"; but as I came to examine the ground carefully I could discern small emerald green patches fringed by bog-myrtle, while the starry yellow asphodel and the sundew grew almost at my feet. I called to mind an old story told in the country-side about this spot. Old wives have it that once, many years ago, the only son of the lord of the manor wandered alone across the heath in search of strange flowers, and was never seen again. Some declare that the bog engulfed him, others that he was pixie led, and yet others that he was stolen away by the gipsies, who were cheated of their ransom by his death. Whichever tale be true, certain it is that the heath wears a weird and sinister aspect, with its murky pools, its waving cotton-grass, and its pine trees twisted into grotesque shapes. I hurried on, till presently the road took a sudden sharp descent, and soon led right through the heart of a pine wood. It was a deliciously fragrant and silent place, made for quiet meditation. There is an inexplicable charm in these woods; perhaps it is because we find them in so many parts of the world that they are so full of old associations and at once familiar and dear to us. They seem to weave with a subtle thread some past memory into our present joy. There is a

M. C. Cottam. *THE CHARM OF WASTE GROUND.* Copyright.

M. C. Cottam. *THE MOSSY LANE.* Copyright.

haunting power in the soft sighing of the pines. At times it seems like a living, loving voice murmuring words of comfort; at others it seems to whisper words of warning; but whatever the message is, the pines are ever sobbing it forth. We can hear the same soft voice in the rippling of the brook, in the rustling reeds by the water-side, and in the sad sough of the wind as it passes across the land. As I walked through the wood I could not help thinking of the countless generations of wanderers that had passed along this road. Solitary travellers, most probably, for the very roughness of the way forbids much traffic. Maybe it has borne the feet of fugitives from justice who, when hard pressed, have sought refuge in the thick tangle of bracken and undergrowth bordering it. Or perhaps it has echoed with the winged steps of Youth setting out to conquer the world; and who can tell how many eager lovers have hurried along it to the trysting-place? Thus do phantasmal faces crowd around one in these solitary byeways. This wood seemed to me like a boundary line between the wildness of the sombre moorland and the quieter beauty of the pasture land; for at the other side I came into an entirely different country, well watered and fertile, with meadows in which the brown-eyed oxen were grazing, fields of stubble which the partridges frequented, waste ground looking beautiful with a generous growth of ragwort and thistles, and here and there paths branching off through fields towards some distant cottage home. The road was soon joined by a little laughing brook, whose banks were clothed with a luxuriant foliage, a marvellous growth of forget-me-not and figwort bordering the margin. In the stream were clusters of sedge and reed, from stem to stem of which flitted the reed-warblers. I saw also several grey wagtails, for this stream has been their favourite haunt for the last few years.



M. C. Cottam. *A STEEP ASCENT.* Copyright.

Soon I noticed an inviting path branching off to an old farmhouse almost hidden in some stately elms, from the neighbourhood of which I could hear the homely hum of the threshing-machine. As I made my way along it, I met with two children, with sunburnt, rosy cheeks. I could tell they had been searching for a few late blackberries, for their little fingers and mouths bore purple stains. I asked them where the road led to, and they shyly and in almost a whisper told me "It goes up hill and beyond." I hurried on eagerly up the steep road to look at the "beyond," and reached the summit breathless, but well content; for here spread out before me was a glorious panorama. Far away in the distance a gleam of silver from the sea; on my right the everlasting hills, grand and peaceful; nearer at hand valley and uplands stretched fold upon fold with that almost magical beauty that our English scenery possesses. I lingered here and dreamed, looking into the wonderful "beyond." Illimitable distance was around, a filmy blue haze clothed the landscape and beauty seemed woven into every fold of the fertile earth. It was a place in which one could rest and renew one's strength. An unbroken stillness settled upon the land as the sun crept slowly westward, and warned me to retrace my steps.

At the foot of the hill and not far distant from the pine wood, I came face to face with a perfect idyll, in the shape of two aged wayfarers journeying homeward. The man was carrying a basket filled with bits of stick and fir-cones, and the woman was leaning on his arm. The steps of both were feeble and faltering, yet upon each face there was a look of content. He, with a tender smile, told me that it was getting too far for Martha to go to the wood. But she, with spirit, replied indignantly, "Why, I've been to the wood these seventy year and more; that doesn't

tire me—it be the stooping; but James, he allas was afraid I should hurt myself, and now he must e'en carry my bit o' firing. But there, there, I mustn't grumble; he's been the best friend I ever had, has James." It embarrasses James to hear an eulogy upon himself, so, giving me a shy smile, he murmurs that it's time Martha was indoors, for the damp is falling. I turn and watch them out of sight, the tears rising in my eyes. And as I journey on I wonder whether it will fall to my lot to have so good a friend when my steps grow tired. Alas! in these days of chance acquaintances, of rush and hurry, of fleeting fancies, of ephemeral delights, we leave but little time to form one of those friendships which endure unto the end. By the time I reached the moorland the sun set with a dark and thunderous aspect, blood-red gleamed the pools, sombre shadows veiled the land. A few withered leaves whirled after me with a ghostly rustling like the patter of feet, which gave me a feeling akin to fear, for the very air seemed to resound with sullen murmurings as the wind sobbed and moaned with mournful cadence. At last the high road came into sight and I rejoined it without regret, for here, after all, was human fellowship and the cheery sound of human voices.

MARY C. COTTAM.

M. C. Cottam. *THROUGH THE HEART OF THE PINE WOOD.* Copyright.

FROM THE FARMS.

HIGH FARMING IN SCOTLAND.

IN several districts of Aberdeenshire cultivation is carried on at a great height above the sea-level, although the farmers can never count with any certainty on their crops ripening. The present season until the past fortnight looked as though it were going to be a most disastrous one for them, as the oats were hardly full shot and were quite a month later than last season. Since the advent of September, however, almost unprecedentedly fine weather conditions have prevailed, and now there is every chance of these upland farmers obtaining, at all events, a certain quantity of grain. A great deal of the cultivated land on Upper Donside stands above 1,000ft. and a good deal of it above 1,400ft. One field of oats right at the head of the glen was found to be standing at a height of 1,620ft. above the level of the sea, which must surely be a record height for the cultivation of this crop in Great Britain. An early frost is the worst enemy of these upland farmers, and it was feared that the severe frost of September 4th had killed a great deal of the growing oats; but, fortunately, it has done comparatively little harm, although the severity of the weather may be judged from the fact that at 6 p.m. a thermometer under the eaves of a farmhouse was down to freezing point. Of course, the potatoes have been completely blackened, and, as they had not by any means come to maturity, the potatoes this season will be much below the usual size.

PRESERVING FRUITS.

Miss Edith Bradley and Miss May Crooke appear in the nick of time with "The Book of Fruit Bottling" (Lane). Just now there are thousands of farmers and others in Great Britain puzzled to know what to do with the enormous glut of plums which this season has brought them. Many will be quite surprised to know how simply and effectively they can be disposed of. Our authors say: "Plums should be quite freshly gathered for bottling, and only those of a fairly good size should be used. The smaller plums can be always turned into jam. The fruit should be quite firm and not quite ripe. For all the stone fruits it is best to use the larger bottles, as with the smaller bottles the mouths are not big enough to allow the insertion of any very fine fruit. The packing of plums in the bottles is an important item, because if the fruit is not properly packed the bottles present a very ugly appearance when finished. To pack properly the fruit must be graded, and plums chosen as near of a size as possible. It is always best to make a good beginning by getting three even fruits if possible into the bottom of, say, a 'De Lucca' or Atlas bottle. When the lowest round is started properly the rest of the packing is fairly simple. The bottles should be gently shaken from side to side, and a round piece of wood with a blunt end should be used to help to slide the fruit gently into place. Great care must be taken not on any account to break the skin. Some people prick their fruit with a steel knitting needle at the stalk end, to prevent the skin breaking, but we have serious doubts whether anything is gained by so doing. The bottles, after packing, are filled up with either water or syrup. When very large plums are used they may be cut in half with a dessert knife and the stones extracted and cracked. The kernels may then be distributed among the fruit in the bottles." Plums, damsons and greengages may also be made into jam. Our authors tell us that only ¾lb. of sugar should be allowed to

every 1lb. of fruit, and that the fruit and sugar should be boiled rapidly together for three-quarters of an hour after boiling point has been reached. They give many other directions for the preservation of fruit, and there is an excellent chapter on home-made wines. Here, for example, is their recipe for making English elderberry wine: "Take eight quarts of berries and pour over them four quarts of boiling water. Let them stand for two days, then put them in the preserving pan and bring them gently to the boil. Boil for one hour and strain. Measure, and to every gallon of liquid add three pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, two ounces of ground ginger (the spices to be tied up as in previous recipe). Boil all together and when cold add the yeast. Allow the wine to ferment and bottle in the usual way." There are two chapters on fruit-drying and one on cider-making, while the volume ends with a most amusing contribution from Miss Blanche F. Collier on "Ancient Recipes and Old-World Cures." From it we learn a cure for those afflicted with Mental Vacancy or Folly, and there are various recipes given against the devil.

THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which until October 26th will occupy the spacious rooms of the New Gallery, Regent Street, comprises a most interesting collection of some three hundred selected pictures or photographic prints, the evident motive of their respective authors being to express in artistic terms and according to the accepted canons of graphic art their individual impression of the chosen subject. This is a very different matter from employing the camera and lens merely to make a statement of fact which only demands such command of the process employed as almost anyone can attain after but little practice; but as the narrative of each *raconteur* will differ as the same set of incidents impressed each individual differently, so in the rendering of a landscape scene or figure subject one artist's interpretation will differ from that of another, and the artistic possibilities of photography, its suitability as a means of personal artistic expression, are well demonstrated in such an exhibition as the present. It is needless to draw comparisons between the quality of the work in this, the fifty-second annual exhibition, and the work of any previous year; but if no very startling advance has been made, the average merit is probably higher, while the pictorial section as a whole is more entertaining and more varied in consequence of a very large contribution of work by German contemporaries. These pictures, by reason of their forceful contrasts, quaint and often bizarre composition, being in many cases printed in vivid colours, impart a pleasing variety to the show as a whole, even though in most cases they fail at first to win the approval of the English visitor whose taste has been cultivated to the appreciation of the softer and more subtle effects achieved by many prominent British workers whose photographs so often form illustrations in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. Still, such a portrait study as "Mr. E——," by Lette-Verein, and "Kloster-Malchow," by the same Berlin artist, which dominate the gallery in which they hang, cannot but command respect, and should have a beneficial influence, even if they do not inspire an emulation of their vigorous style. It is such simpler themes as Mr. Aubrey Harris's "Evening," spoiled by an unnatural sky, and Mr. Charles F. Stuart's "Auld Reekie" which will win the approval of most visitors. "A Farm on the Moor," too, by James Gale, is a typical piece of English landscape seen in a pleasing light which focuses attention on the rustic buildings, to which everything else in the view is subjected in point of tone. Mr. William Rawling, in "Winter on the River Lea" and a snow-enfolded landscape and dull sky, entitled "More to Come," adds to his existing high record two further poetical renderings of winter subjects. A study of bold rock masses, entitled "Land's End," is by Mr. W. T. Greatbatch, who, however, will be perhaps better remembered by his romantically-treated sylvan scenes of previous years, although with the craftsmanship of his present exhibit no fault can be found. Another snow-bound scene is "Winter Landscape," by Mr. J. C. S. Mummery, the president of the society, a simple subject broadly treated, the masses of deep, rich shadow and piled-up snow making a very pleasing composition. Of Mr. F. J. Mortimer's marine subjects the best is probably "Running Home," his other studies of breaking waves showing the result of insufficient study of Nature's tones and of aerial perspective, that quality in a picture which makes distance recede and the various planes assume their proper relative places. Those who visit the exhibition in search of knowledge of new processes whereby to express their æsthetic ideas should note the remarkable examples of the much-talked-of oil process by Mr. J. H. Gear. His "Bruges" and "Burgos" will be revelations to those who have assumed that this method of printing with pigment in oil can only yield a rough sketchy effect, for here we have two dainty little pictures with an abundance of detail which smooth carbon, or, indeed, any other process, could hardly surpass, while in the same clever technician's "The Mosque—Cordova" we have elaborate intricacy of architectural detail of surpassing beauty. In this process of oil-printing there is granted to the photographer the utmost degree of control over the ultimate image. On a swelled gelatine foundation—the swelling of the gelatine being in exact response to the light action through the negative—pigment of any colour selected, mixed with oil as a medium or vehicle, is applied by a brush and adheres in proportion to the degree of relief which the gelatine presents. At the same time, any layer of pigment which may seem too intense can be removed in part or altogether as desired. Thus, whereas the gum bichromate process, which heretofore has been thought to present salvation to the pictorial worker, is a process of subtraction only, the oil process gives the liberty of adding or subtracting entirely according to taste. Mr. Furley Lewis has several very fine portraits in his characteristic manner. The beautiful modelling and rather low-toned rendering of flesh are in a single example wholly admirable; but when these qualities are repeated several times in the same gallery they are apt to give a feeling of portraits turned out by formula. But if one contents one's self with Mr. Furley Lewis's portrait of "Mr. J. C. S. Mummery, President" (No. 217), it is impossible to withhold unqualified approval. In "Grey and White" Mr. A. H. Blake has a tenderly sympathetic rendering of an everyday London scene. It is a study in tones which, when as well done as in this particular instance, would enshrine the most commonplace subjects in an atmosphere of romance and æsthetic pleasure; while Mr. Blake is no less successful in his highly-original aspect of "Cannon Street Station." Mr. Basil Schön in like manner gives us a delightful black and white harmony of a familiar scene entitled "Dingy London." While the pictorial section of the exhibition is generally regarded as the most popular room, the exhibition of results on the Autochrome plates, which are shown in the balcony, will, no doubt, attract a good deal of attention; but it is not too much to say that in most cases this display will prove very disappointing. The Autochrome plate gives a transparent positive image which, if viewed in a particular way so that strong light passes through the image to the eye, is seen to be in colours approximately accurate. Judging from the seventy odd examples on view, they should be seen in a dark room, and even when thus shown under the most advantageous circumstances are a great deal inferior in local colour rendering than are the very fine colour prints shown by Mr. J. Comley at the end of the gallery, which, at least, can be hung on a wall or mounted in an album and be viewed and enjoyed by anyone without special preparation. The remarkable photographs of the planet Mars from the Lowell Observatory should be particularly interesting just now, when the red planet catches the eye on every clear night, and these photographs go far to confirm the truth of Montgomery's couplet:

". . . All charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy."

The fascinating story of Martian irrigation, in all its romantic details, seems, after all, to be insufficiently supported by scientific data.

CLEANLINESS IN MILK AND BUTTER.

By PROFESSOR W. J. SIMPSON.

MUCH has been heard in recent years regarding the importance of clean milk in connection with the health of children, of invalids and of milk drinkers generally. It has been pointed out that infectious diseases are more liable to be caused by a dirty milk supply than by a clean one, because the chances of contamination with infectious germs or microbes are increased enormously. It has also been pointed out that dirty milk, owing to the putrescent matter it has unnecessarily received, is a specially fertile medium for the growth of microbes or bacteria in such numbers as to be injurious to the health of those who drink it. This is one aspect of the question relating to milk and is of interest to everyone. It is a health question, and has been brought to the notice of the public by the many recorded outbreaks of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, diphtheria and sore throat traced to infected milk, as well as of summer diarrhœa prevalence caused by dirty milk.

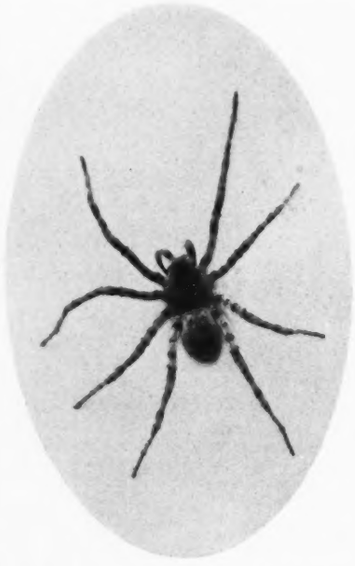
Apart from ill-health attributable to frequent consumption of dirty milk, it is neither pleasant nor appetising to have to drink unclean milk. Ignorance as to the nature of the dirt in such milk accounts for it being tolerated. It is certain that, if it were generally known that dirty milk usually means contamination with the filth of the cowshed, even the least fastidious would be disgusted. Another point of view which is of special interest to farmers and purveyors of milk is that dirty milk is very costly, for its keeping qualities are much inferior to clean milk, while butter prepared from unclean milk is inferior in quality and does not keep well. The rapid fermentation and decomposition which go on in dirty milk are brought about by the immense number of microbes which gains access to it. Every particle of dirt contains millions of these microbes, and milk is one of the best fluids in which they can grow and multiply once they are introduced into it. Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find in dirty milk, after it has been kept for a few hours, several million microbes in every teaspoonful. The source of these microbes is not the cow, if she is healthy or has healthy udders, because, with the exception of the fore milk, or first few ounces drawn, which receive germs from the milk ducts of the teats, milk from the cow is free of microbes. With special sterilised apparatus and appliances it is possible to take milk from the cow and keep it fresh indefinitely. Such milk has been kept for years without undergoing any change, so long as the mouth of the bottle is plugged with sterilised cotton-wool, which, though permitting of a free admission of air, filters out any germs the

air may contain. It is impossible under ordinary circumstances to secure this exceptional purity. Normal milk always contains a certain number of germs, derived from exposure to the air, which is unavoidable in carrying on the milk trade. But these germs should be as few in number as possible, and should be prevented from being of a deleterious kind. There is a difference between having in every teaspoonful of milk a few million microbes and a few thousand. There is also a great difference between its having putrefactive organisms derived from manure or other filth and the ordinary lactic acid organisms which even clean milk contains. The ways in which microbes gain access to the milk are numerous. They may be attached to the inside of an unclean pail which receives the milk, they may fall into the milk from dirt on the clothes or hands of the milkman, from the dirt on the udder and hind parts of the cow, or from the dust in the air, particularly that of the cowshed, which, when not kept clean, may contain particles of manure, or during the different stages of handling the milk incidental to the milk trade. The supply of clean milk accordingly depends in the first instance on the cleanliness of the cowhouse and dairy and their surroundings, and on the cleanly manner in which the operations connected with milking and the handling of the milk are carried out, and later it depends on the cleanly arrangements of transport and distribution. Similarly, the supply of butter of good flavour and aroma, and endowed with good keeping qualities, depends on the extent to which this cleanliness is carried out. Good English butter, when made under the best conditions, is superior in every respect to foreign butters. It does not, however, surpass foreign butter, or even hold its own, in the struggle for the market. It would be out of place in this article to enter into the many economical causes which have brought this about. But, taking things as they exist, there can be little doubt that the position of English butter would be materially strengthened if it could be more depended upon for uniformity of flavour and keeping qualities. There are farms which are always able to supply butter of this kind. There are other farms which are less successful, sometimes turning out a butter of excellent quality and flavour, and at other times failing to reach a good standard. The failures are generally ascribed to fodders and pasturage. But without asserting that this is impossible, it may be safely said that in nine cases out of ten the disagreeable flavour or turnipy taint is due to the action of unfriendly microbes that have slipped into the milk or cream. The microbes are but fairies in a new form; some are friendly and others unfriendly. Objectionable flavours and early rancidity in butter are due to preventable causes, and these causes have their source in some defect, either in the handling of the milk or butter or in the state of the cowhouse or dairy. Butter that does not keep well or has an unpleasant flavour is a sure sign, provided the cows are healthy and the usual skill in the process of making has been exercised, of something amiss with the cleanliness of the operation or with the purity of the air in which the milk or butter operations are carried on. More science is required in the production of English butter. For instance, the natural ripening of the cream is effected by friendly microbes which, during the process, form products that give the butter the flavour it possesses. If during the time of milking or exposure of the milk or cream putrefactive microbes drop into either, they not infrequently overcome the friendly microbes and spoil the cream for good butter-making. The risk and uncertainty attending this natural ripening of cream necessitate special attention not only to the cleanliness of the dairy and its surroundings, but also to everything connected with the milk before it reaches the dairy. Without that attention and a due understanding of the causes which may interfere with the successful ripening of the cream, the results attained are apt to be not altogether satisfactory as regards uniformity.

The friendly microbes, which are the active agents in the natural ripening of cream and in producing good flavours in butter, have been isolated in the laboratory from creams supplying good flavoured butters and obtained from farms successful in their butter-making by the natural ripening process. Different flavouring bacteria have thus been obtained, and the knowledge and power acquired have been put to practical use in butter-making. For example, Denmark, which sends to England quite half the butter imported into this country, employs this artificial method of ripening on a large scale, and by doing so has gained a very important control over the ripening of the cream, with the result that a uniformly well-flavoured butter is turned out from the farm or creamery. At least 90 per cent. of the butter from Denmark is prepared from cream which has been ripened by adding pure cultures of the microbes required. But as the risk is still great if the microbes already in the milk and cream were allowed to remain and multiply alongside of those put in, the cream is first pasteurised at 90deg. C., which kills all microbes that are likely to deteriorate it and spoil the process. Artificial "starters," as they are called, are also employed on a large scale in America and in some of the creameries in Ireland. The results are stated to be very satisfactory, both as regards uniformity in flavour and excellence of keeping qualities.

A BRITISH BURROWING SPIDER.

SPIDERS have at all times been so closely observed that the earliest studies of the Araneidæ are lost in antiquity. This is not to be wondered at, seeing how the architectural beauty of some of their webs calls for admiration, or how the gossamer-suspended spider swinging in mid-air attracts the attention of the least observant. Dr. Martin Lister in 1678 published his celebrated "Tractatus de Araneis," in which are described and classified various species. So long ago as 1756 the trapdoor spider was illustrated by Patrick Brown. Coming to more recent years, Blackwall's "Spiders of Great Britain and Ireland," published in 1861, brought our knowledge to a much higher level, and remains to this day, probably, the best work on this branch of natural history. Yet, in spite of the excellence of these publications and the labours of subsequent workers, our knowledge of this subject is by no means complete. Much remains to be observed. Little is known of the life habits of some species, and how many are still undiscovered we do not know. Of late years the trapdoor and burrowing spiders, which are closely allied, have, more than others, fascinated arachnologists, and it is of the burrowing habits of a British spider which constructs a tunnel, similar to a tarantula, but more diminutive, I wish in this article to give a brief outline. The wolf spiders (Lycosæ) have long been known by certain well-marked characteristics, such as the arrangement of their eyes, by the configuration and coloration of their bodies and the length of the various legs. As to their habits, they are known as vagabond, fierce, seizing their prey by hunting, springing, or taking by surprise, by their constructing no web, but hiding under stones, in crevices and the like. The female carries her cocoon containing her eggs attached by silken threads to her body and also her young after hatching in all her wanderings. Some varieties, again, are known to pursue their prey upon the water, and in winter-time to retire under stones or sheltered places. The spider whose burrowing habits I am about to record more closely resembles Lycosa allodroma, one of the wolf spiders, in its characteristic features and markings than any other British Lycosa. Nevertheless, its markings are not identical with those detailed in works on this subject. The distinctive markings, according to Blackwall, are two imperfectly defined yellowish white spots on each side of the eyes, describing the quadrilateral figure, and on the body a broad, obscure, dentated band of a lighter hue than the rest of the abdomen, extending from the anterior part along the middle for nearly half its length and terminating in three parts, followed by a series of pale, transverse, curved lines somewhat enlarged at their extremities and diminishing in length as they approach the spinners. The burrowing Lycosa, with which we are now dealing, has the four light-coloured spots, above spoken of, well marked, as shown in several of the accompanying photographs, on the outer side of the four large eyes; but in place of a broad, obscure, dentated band on the abdomen is an elongated band of a slightly lighter shade, bordered on each of its sides by a chain of alternating dark and light spots, and not terminating in any distinct three points. Outside this chain of spots is a chestnut brown tint, well marked in front and shading off at the sides. In the photographs the commencement of the chestnut marking is shown by the two curved sides of the marking, where it expands in front. But the spotted fringing does not show distinctly.

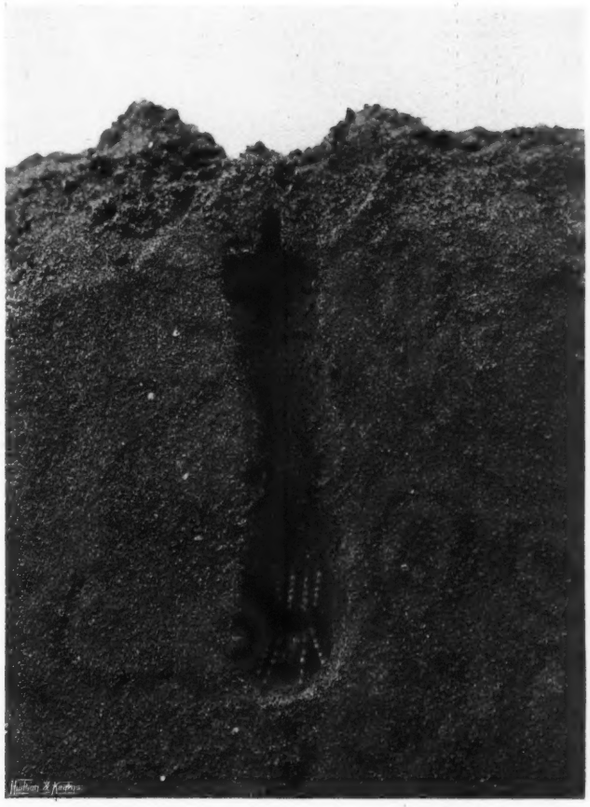


BURROWING SPIDER (MALE).

As to the mode of life and habits of Lycosa allodroma, as distinct from the other varieties of Lycosa, there is little or nothing recorded, Blackwall stating, "In the spring of 1836 this light-coloured variety (male) was discovered among water-worn stones and fragments of rock on the banks of the river Llugwy, Carnarvonshire," and Staveley in his work, "British Spiders," says nothing as to its habits, merely remarking "Found in Wales." The habitat of this burrowing spider, judging from observations extending over sixteen years, is the gravel-beds of rivers, more particularly those where fine gravel and coarse gritty sand abound. In situations of this kind it may be found on most North Country rivers, but the streams of the South I have not searched. Its abode is a cylindrical tunnel, which it excavates generally in a vertical direction, but sometimes inclined slightly at an angle. These tunnels vary from 5in. to 7in. in depth and are about $\frac{3}{8}$in. in diameter. They are bare-looking holes in the sand or gravel, the entrance sometimes rather larger than the calibre of the tube below, and in new nests a little elevated at the margins above the surrounding level. The entrance of the tube is not protected by any door, shield, elevated tube, leaves, sticks or grass, but is quite bare and ends below in a cul-de-sac. Unlike the trapdoor and other burrowing spiders no more silk is used in the construction of this tunnel than is absolutely necessary to hold the loose fragments of slipping sand together; to the naked

WATCHING FOR ITS PREY.

eye none is noticeable, and the colour of the sandy sides of the channel is unchanged. These nests the males and females construct separately, and in them they dwell, quickly moving, almost falling backwards, to the bottom of the burrow on feeling the slightest vibration on the approach of danger. When watching for prey their favourite attitude is a crouching one, with the front legs well forward within the mouth of the hole, as in our second illustration, and in this situation they are generally found about sunset. They secure their prey, which consists of any small insect seeking shelter, by suddenly springing upon it or shooting the front legs quickly forward. They are largely nocturnal in their habits; but both sexes leave their nests sometimes during the warm summer months and wander among the stones and rocks, crouching down, hiding and remaining motionless when surprised. By these means, aided by their mottled brown colour, which harmonises wonderfully with the stones and sand, or if in their tunnels by the sparse webbing sealing the sides, they escape observation; but should the burrow be noticed and explored the sides crumble away and tumble in on even tender handling, leaving the spider securely concealed. Their method of constructing this tunnel is most interesting and instructive. It is excavated, carried out piecemeal, and deposited outside the mouth of the hole in the following manner: The spider, going down head first, uses its falces and palpi in a



THE MOUTH OF THE BURROW CLOSED.

scraping manner until a small pellet is scraped away, and spooned up, so to speak, in this position; the fragment is held with the palpi supporting at the sides; the spider now backs out, if the hole is not deep, carrying the armful, or, if deep, turns and comes out head foremost, depositing its load—in the neatest, most deliberate and most methodical manner—a little distance from the mouth of the hole. This process is repeated for hours, generally through the night-time, and frequently after a gentle rain, until the burrow is of the required depth; there is

FORMATION OF A SECOND ARCH.

no such thing as scratching and kicking the sand out behind, as is seen when most animals construct their burrows. It is also noticeable each time the spider descends, as soon as the burrow is sufficiently deep to allow of the operation, that the spinners are busily at work, while the next excavated particle is being dislodged, sealing together the particles of sand, particularly those at the mouth of the hole, to prevent them falling in. By this double work at one time, excavating below and sealing above, the burrow rapidly develops and is soon completed. The small elevations sometimes seen near the entrance, and shown in the third and fifth illustrations, are the deposited particles which have been carried out; but small stones which

HIBERNATING CHAMBER IN FINE SAND.

are encountered, even to the extent of four times and more the weight of the spider, are dragged out backwards and placed carefully out of the way. In these burrows for most of the year these wolf spiders dwell, rapidly constructing others when destroyed by floods or otherwise. About the middle of October the burrow is prepared for hibernation. The tunnel is commenced as before; but after descending a short distance a halt is made and the entrance is carefully roofed over from within with sand excavated from below. This roofing over is commenced at the sides of the mouth by the pellets which are carried up being deposited and firmly tucked in all around the entrance. By a repetition of this process it is completely covered in by a dome-shaped roofing, shown in the third picture. A second arch or roof is sometimes sprung over from below by the same manœuvre an inch or two below the upper one, leaving a space between the two, as shown in the fourth photograph. All sand now excavated from the bottom of the burrow is deposited under this second arch, filling the burrow above with material removed from below until the required depth for hibernation is reached, generally 7in. or more. The closed cavity, little more than 1in. high, containing the spider is now somewhat enlarged laterally, and the utmost care is taken to apply the spinnerettes to every portion of its walls, the roof receiving the greatest possible attention. This is shown in the fifth picture. When the last touches to the roof are being completed these spiders perform some curious but methodical movements. A fourth leg is rapidly rubbed along the sides of the abdomen, like a person scratching vigorously, the movement ending at the spinnerettes. The leg is now bent forward under the abdomen towards the falces, when it is carefully stroked with the palpi, the stroking finishing at the end of the leg between the moving falces. These movements are exactly repeated with the opposite leg. What is the object of this? Can it be that by this manœuvre silk is carried on the leg and mixed with patches of sand for applying to the roof of the hibernating vault? Or is the spider finishing its toilet after the arduous labours? Within this closed cavity these hardy spiders spend the winter in a semi-dormant condition, frequently resting near the roof head downwards, and procuring no food from October to March. On the arrival of spring, during mild, settled weather in March or April they begin to work to the surface in precisely the same manner as before, only reversed; small pellets are dislodged, carried and deposited upon the floor, not merely dislodged and allowed to fall. During this working towards the surface, which does not always follow the line of descent, the spinners are frequently used as before to the sides, and halts are made, the spider turning head downwards for silk to be deposited on the higher workings. When the surface is almost reached the particles of sand are once more pushed upwards, forming again a dome-shaped roof, through which is carefully worked a small hole in the centre, out of which are pushed the first pair of legs, as if to sample the weather. If all is found favourable, the mouth of the hole is enlarged as before, and the spider continues to dwell in it. Should, however, the weather change and a wintry storm appear, these spiders will descend fully a day before (so marvellous is their sense of climatic changes), again seal themselves in, and remain concealed until milder weather appears.

The position on the river bank chosen by this interesting spider for constructing its hibernating quarter is always the upper, highest part of shingle or gravel beds. This is most remarkable. As positions of this kind are well within the flood-water line of rivers when in spate, it might be expected that for hibernation the spider would ascend the river bank still further and choose a position about flood mark; but this is not so. Out of the gravel and sand in such situations I have unearthed alive these Lycosæ after the subsidence of flooded rivers, where the water had reached yards above their winter dwellings and where no evidence of their existence could be discerned upon the surface of the gravel. How do they exist when inundated during flood-time? is the question naturally asked. How do they protect themselves, and what is their behaviour as the water ascends, fills and threatens to

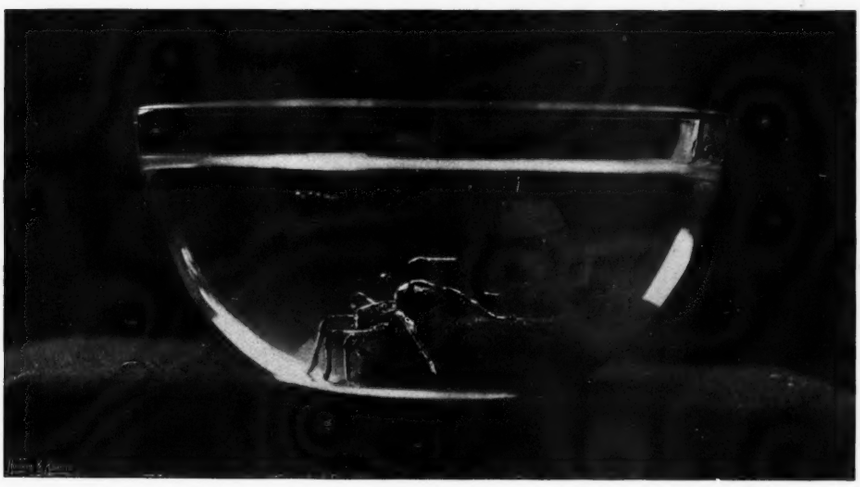
FLOATING ON SURFACE OF WATER.

demolish the burrow? The spider on feeling moisture ascends to the highest reaches of its chamber, and here, head uppermost and legs flexed and contracted around and above its body, awaits motionless the rising water; the grains of sand, loosened by the water, commence to fall in, but are supported as if by rafters by the arched spider's legs held above, and the chamber which was occupied by the spider is obliterated in its lower parts. The spider, completely immersed and occupying a space little larger than its own body, patiently and motionless awaits the falling of the river. These spiders are capable of existing many hours in this submerged condition, respiring, no doubt, the air entrapped in the

fine hairs which cover the surface of their bodies. No air is retained by the burrow itself, as the silk upon its walls is too meagre for this purpose. Once the river falls the water gravitates into the deeper layers of the gravel, air taking the place of the displaced water. The sand dries, and the spider, pushing and working the particles on all sides, enlarges its retaining cavity and remains none the worse for the occurrence. Should the force of the water wash away the gravel, or the spiders be overtaken when not so deeply buried at other seasons of the year, they cling to the stones under water; they are capable of existing a considerable time in this way, of running under water clinging to the stones and finding their way to the water's edge, always with the entrapped air around their bodies, as in the last picture. Should they lose foothold and be washed away in the current, they are capable of floating, generally motionless, on the surface of the water, their under side uppermost, making respiration easy, or of swimming back uppermost on the surface of the water with great avidity until a place for landing is reached.

Such is part of the life history of one of the largest, and probably one of the most interesting, of our British spiders—a delicate creature liable to be crushed, yet capable of living its rough-and-tumble life among the moving shingle of our native water-courses; a land creature capable of resisting lengthened periods of drought, yet able to protect itself under water when buried in the river's bank.

WILLIAM BAIGENT.



GLISTENING WITH AIR BUBBLES ENMESHED IN THE FINE HAIRS.

THE VILLAGE · · · · FLOWER SHOW.

IT used to be quite a Christian village. More than "averagely" Christian, indeed, with a surprising absence of feline amenities among its 400 inhabitants. Scandals, possibly for sheer lack of material, were unknown, backbiting was of a mild and non-malignant nature and jealousy seemed to find no suitable soil for its noxious roots. Even those time-honoured provocatives, Christmas coals and beef, failed in their customary mission of inciting to envy, and only caused Suaveley virtue to shine with an added lustre; for happy recipients beamed with physical well-being and contentment, while non-recipients swelled in the pride of conscious superiority, and were wont to express their gratitude to the Almighty at being "be'olden" to nobody. But all this was before Mrs. Leverton took the Manor House. She descended upon us last year with a Mercédès car, Paris frocks, a heart of gold and the ceaseless activity of radium. In a week she discovered that we were dull. The village, she said, must be roused from its lethargy; it must be stirred to emulation; it must palpitate to excitement. We professed ourselves willing—nay, eager—to be roused, emulated and palpitated, and, while we were still rubbing our rustic eyes and turning over our ruminating minds at the prospect, she had sketched out the whole plan of our mental salvation and inaugurated it by the institution of "The Suaveley Village Flower Show." The village co-operated nobly. Our absent Duke became president—on paper; the Rector, whose parish accounts were the despair of his wife and the churchwardens, consented to be treasurer; while Mrs. Leverton herself filled the post of secretary. The Misses Mitts, whose blameless feet had hitherto been content to follow the safe and trodden ways of Sunday School, Clothing Club and Christmas Tree, became active propagandists of the new epoch; and Major O'Shea, our only bachelor, advanced in years and child-like in morals, gave himself up to commercial correspondence concerning plants, seeds and chemical fertilisers. As to this last, the village stolidly and unanimously declared its preference for the natural product, locally and euphuistically known as "mook," and poured elemental scorn upon less odorous and more scientific sources of nourishment. Business in "mook," indeed, became so brisk that the price went up a shilling a load, and its happy vendors were Mrs. Leverton's most enthusiastic supporters.

All went well during the long months of preparation. Prizes were offered not only for every description of fruit, flower and vegetable, but also for needlework, cooking, poultry, and last of all for the finest baby under a year old. For, as Mrs. Leverton said, it was not merely our potatoes and turnips she was aiming at, but a rural renaissance, the awakening of our slow bucolic minds to the possibility of beauty in every branch of our simple lives. The great day came, and with speeches laudatory, congratulatory, ambulatory and inconsequent the prizes were distributed among the expectant villagers. But, alas, for human nature and Mrs. Leverton! As the serpent made his first historic appearance in a garden, so did envy, hatred and malice spring to birth in the idyllic and apparently innocent function of our flower show. For a curious thing happened. No single prize had, it appeared, been rightly awarded.

"Pertaters now—oo's to judge a pertater till it's biled?" old Jake scornfully enquired. "Six of 'em, the regoolations said, and I showed six on chiney plates, three biled and three unbiled, and bewties they was. But did they get the prize? Not much. Zachy Thrup, as don't know wax from flour oncet 'e's got a pertater between 'is teeth, 'e picked 'is out all the same identicler size and scrubbed 'em till they was as white and nesh as a young turnip, and 'e got the prize."

Fruit shared the melancholy fate of the potatoes. "Mine 'ad the bloom rubbed off, if you'll believe me, ma'am," wailed Jane Small, "soon as iver I turned my back. The judges could a seen theirselves in my pore plums, and when I took 'em they was thick and bewtiful wi' bloom like dusty millers. It's not fer me to say who did it, but Sarah Stooks as got the prize was allays a bit nippy in 'er dealings, and it wouldn't take but 'arf a minute to spile the bewty of my plums wi' a wet duster."

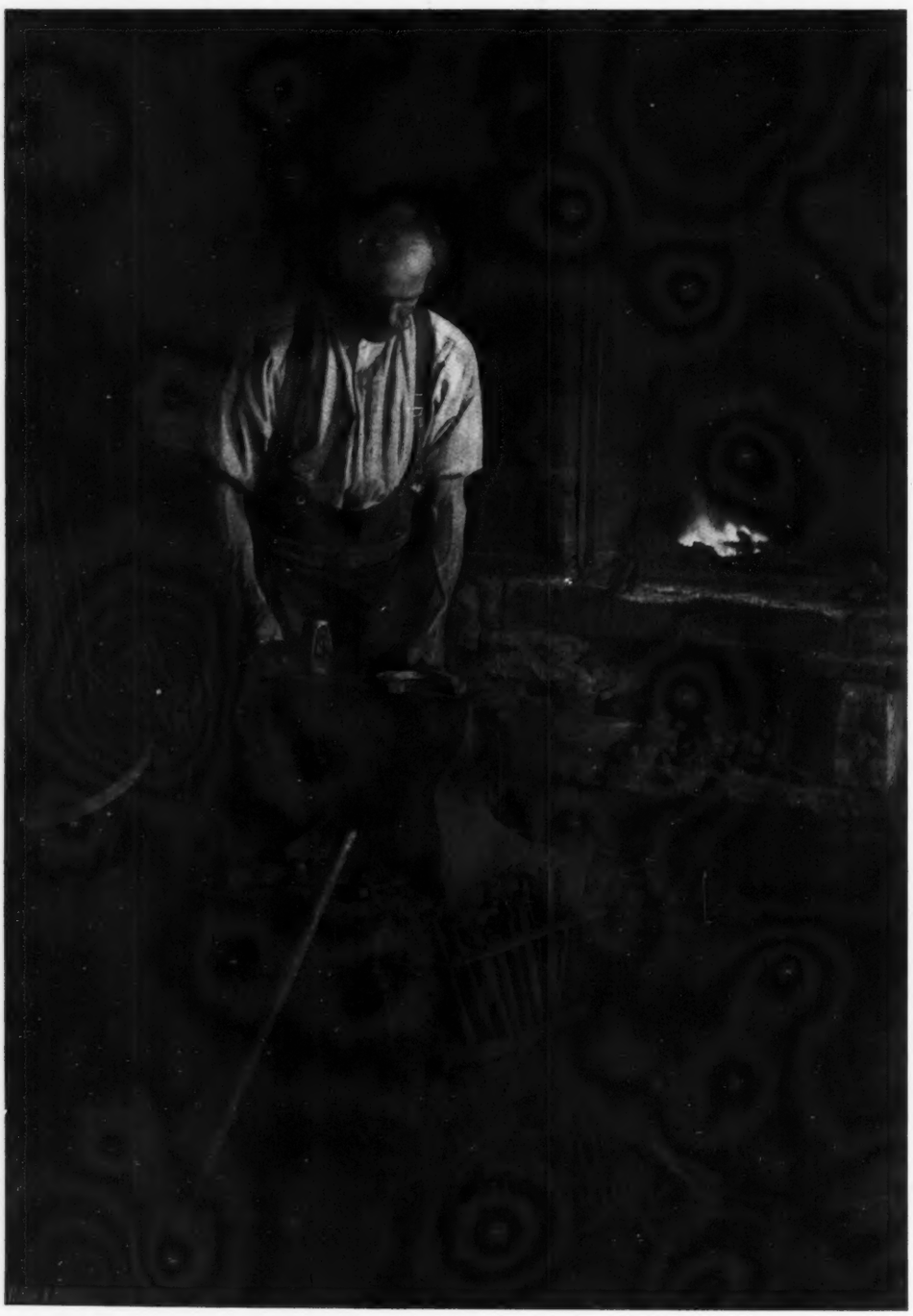
As for the poultry, nothing short of a general conspiracy to defraud among the cocks and hens could have accounted for the extraordinary miscarriage of justice in this department, testified to by every bird fancier in the village—prize-winners alone excepted. Nor was the choice of the best garden any less unfortunate. Nicholas Tucker had from the first assumed his inalienable right to this proud possession. He had been prodigally lavish in the use of "mook," and specially prided himself on the Gargantuan size of his vegetables. The village generally admitted his claim, doubtfully agreeing that if anybody should have the prize it was Nick. Great, therefore, was the consternation when James Littlejoy, whose vegetables were merely normal, but whose flowers were a delight to the eye, was announced to be the happy man. Nicholas bore himself with sardonic magnanimity. "'Ow was the gentry to judge when they 'ad their own peas and beans into the pot afore they was in the pod, so to speak? Not that 'e grudged the prize to Littlejoy, pore old man" (he was two years Nick's senior), "with 'is bad leg, but"—he concluded, darkly—"there's favours, ma'am, there's favours, as I've allays said, an' now," triumphantly, "nobody can't deny it."

It remained for the babies, however, to rouse the deepest resentment. There were six competitors, and as half the population was related more or less distantly to one or other of them, family feeling ran high as to their rival claims. When Melia Mary Munn's fat, fair baby received first prize, Martha Maughan lifted up her voice and wept audibly. As she tearfully explained to a sympathetic circle, "she would not have expected *one* of her babies to be preferred to Melia Mary's, but seein' as they was twins, and boys at that, she did think a sallow skin (which was the Maughan skin, and none of 'er fam'ly's) should not have been cast up against 'er, and everybody knew twins was oncommon, not to say 'ard to rear, and she *'ad* thought to take the prize with David and Jonathan." Of the remaining babies one was passed over without comment, its merits being obviously non-existent to all but its fond mother, while the other two were "highly commended," and described in the local paper as "bonny little girls." As they happened to be boys

this was unfortunate, and the indignant parents revenged themselves for the affront to their offspring by publicly proclaiming that "folks—gentry or no gentry—as couldn't tell girls from boys 'ad no right to set up as judges of babies or anything else." We are no longer dull. Coolnesses, party feeling, feuds, jealousies and suspicions keep us feverishly occupied and stimulate us to amazing expression of our inner consciousness. But Mrs. Leverton is not discouraged. She says anything is better than somnolence, and that she has at least started us on the path of mental development.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

At the sight of the uncommonly fine photographs shown with this article, one's mind naturally goes back to English village life as it was two generations ago. Visiting the places with which we are most familiar, least change of all is noticeable in the smithy. The other village tradesmen and mechanics have vanished or changed in some way. Probably the particular village of which we write has very much the same story to tell as some thousands like it scattered over the length and breadth of Great Britain; for, as one's experience widens, it becomes more and more evident that the same manners and customs are to be found in every district, if we could only get back far enough. Here, long ago, there were two shoemakers, but now not a single cobbler is employed. The people buy cheap ready-made boots and shoes in the nearest town, and there is something remarkable even in this, for wages were very much lower in the olden time, and yet the peasants were in the habit of paying far more than they do now for their footwear. The wiser among them still say it was better in the end, for these ready-made articles, so easily purchased at the town shop, have to be renewed much more frequently than was the case with the hand-made boot that used to be turned out by the village shoemaker. There was a tailor, too, in such constant employment that during the winter he was able to employ a journeyman, and sometimes two journeymen, to help get through the work. They did their sewing at the houses of their customers, where the little men (and it is curious that nearly all tailors were little) used to sit at the kitchen table plying the needle or using the indispensable goose; but the town clothes store has completely ousted the village tailor from his place, and now his is an extinct occupation. There were pedlars through the village, too, men who spent the week wandering about with packs on their backs, selling spectacles and watches, frills, ribbons and other "fine knacks for ladies." One of them we remember especially, who always wore a snuff-coloured, cut-away coat with brass buttons, and tight breeches which, although he was an old man, might have come down from his grandfather. He was one of the characters of the country-side, and so accustomed to carrying a pack that, even when he went out for pleasure, he still carried it, for the reason, as he explained, that it was necessary to maintain his balance. In his own opinion, his was a lost genius, for he considered that he had an admirable turn for oratory. One of his tasks was to clean out the Presbyterian meeting-house, and when doing this it was his custom to mount the pulpit and deliver sermons to an imaginary congregation, to the great delight of several small boys who used to secrete themselves behind the seats for the express purpose of listening to his eloquence. To this day the writer can almost see him, as he turned his old and withered face to the great white chronometer that reminded the preacher of the hours as they were passing. He would shake his doubled fist at it and exclaim: "Ah! you scoundrel of a clock, you can tell us of the time that is and of the time that was, but what have you to say of the time that will be?" And thus, in good set terms, would he, for the space of half-an-hour, revile the harmless necessary clock. He is gone, too, gone for ever, from the village,



Ward Thompson. THE SMITHY AND ITS OCCUPANT.

and it is scarcely to be wondered at, since even the shop of the carpenter has passed away; and a little lower the thatched cottages, where so many of the old village ne'er-do-wells used to live, have been pulled down, and their places taken by gardens that were smiling with flowers the last time that we saw them.

Ward Thompson. *A CHANGE OF POSTURE.*

Even the famous old public-house, at the back of which there used to be badger-baiting, cock-fighting, rat-killing and other amusements equally pleasing in the good old days, has undergone a metamorphosis; for, alas! the estate to which the village belongs fell into the hands of a lady with highly-pronounced views upon the question of temperance, so she began by getting the licence taken away from the old inn, and then, in order to fit it for modern residence, the old thatch was stripped, and a very ugly slate roof substituted for it. The change has spoilt the whole appearance of the village, and it has obliged the inhabitants to walk a quarter of a mile for their beer, which they find supplied in abundance from a house on another estate, whose owner is not afflicted with teetotal opinions. But the blacksmith's shop has risen superior to the fluctuations and vicissitudes of time, and still stands in the centre of the

village, and the blacksmith is busier than ever, only he is a young man and of a type very different from that of him whom we remember best—a little, stout, sturdy, strong, pleasant blackguard of a man, whose voice could be heard the entire length of the village, either when he engaged in argument or enlivening his shoeing of horses with snatches of song, delivered with a lung capacity that a professional vocalist might have envied. The late Mr. Watts might have taken him as a model for his picture "Force," since whatever he did he did with all his might, whether it was yielding a great hammer at the anvil, shoeing a horse, or, in his moments of relaxation, knocking down any other villagers who happened to annoy him. Rumour said that he not only toiled hard by day, but at night visited the well-preserved river and the pheasant coverts, for reasons that could not be properly described as a love of the picturesque.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE

The Old English Pheasant.

EVER since the introduction of the Chinese or ring-necked pheasant, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the old English pheasant has been steadily disappearing from our ken. One can scarcely say that the bird has been driven out by the newcomer; but its characteristics have been lost to us by repeated union with that prolific and pertinacious species. It is now a hard matter to find pure specimens of the old British pheasant in any part of the kingdom. It is true that Phasianus colchicus is often imported from Eastern Europe and turned down in this country, and that, in consequence, pheasants without the distinguishing white neck-ring of Torquatus are occasionally shot. But it is scarcely too much to say that the old English pheasant, known to have been resident with us since Saxon and even Roman times, has now practically vanished from the scene. It is a melancholy reflection that the pristine purity, not only of the pheasants' ancestry, but of other members of our ancient fauna, is being thus destroyed. The Hungarian partridge is steadily being merged with our English bird, and for years Continental foxes have been systematically provided with homes and abiding-places in our coverts, and have mingled their blood with that of the tough and free-running British fox. Whether these unions are beneficial may well be doubted; to the sentimentalist the whole business is deplorable.

Its Ancestry.

Palæontologists have discovered the remains of pheasants in the Pliocene beds of Pikermi, and in Miocene deposits at Œningen and Allier, and it has therefore been contended that these birds were anciently indigenous in Europe and even in Britain. The more commonly accepted theory is that the old English pheasant was introduced into this country by the Romans. In the excavations at Silchester, the site of the old Roman-British town of Calleva (Caer Segeint of the British), bird bones, some of which have been identified as those of the pheasant, have been discovered during the last few years. This seems to be the earliest available evidence of the presence of these birds in England in pre-Saxon times. In Saxon times the pheasant was certainly well known and established in Britain. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, laid down in 1059 a table of dietary for canons' households of from six to seven persons. This table is preserved in a MS. bearing date 1177. "Such were the allowances to each Canon," says an extract, "from Michaelmas Day to the beginning of the fast, Ash Wednesday. Either 12 blackbirds, or magpies, or two partridges, or one *pheasant*, at other times either geese or 2 fowls." In 1100 the Abbot of Amesbury obtained a licence to kill pheasants. In Edward I.'s time these birds sold at 8d. a brace, a great figure, if we compare the value of money at that time with the present. Pheasants in Norman and Plantagenet times were apparently not too plentiful, and a high value was placed upon them. In 1245, for example, the Custos (master of game) of the Bishopric of Chichester was ordered to send to the King, for his use at Easter, among game, twenty-four pheasants. These old kings would surely have held up their hands in astonishment if they could have beheld the present plethora of these birds. But one can have little doubt that the pheasants of their days were far better eating than the maize-fattened product (one can call it by no other word) of the present time. Those people who have the good fortune to eat an occasional wild-bred pheasant at the present time well know the difference between such a bird as an article of food and the hand-reared pheasant. It is as great as that between a genuine farmyard fowl and the tasteless poultry so largely stuffed and fattened under unhealthy conditions in Surrey and Sussex.

The Kite.

I was watching the magnificent flight of a kite last spring in Morocco, and deploring to myself the increasing scarcity of this bird in Britain. I have not seen a kite in England for a good many years, the last I set eyes on being a mere chance migrant which I saw in Surrey. So rare is the bird now that it is difficult to realise that in Henry VIII.'s time kites were common even in London, where they were allowed to devour butchers' and poulterers' offal, often amid crowds of people, and were not permitted to be killed. Game preservation has, of course, led to their downfall, and their ceaseless destruction by keepers and sportsmen during the nineteenth century has been so successful that few, indeed, are the "gleds" left to England. One can see peregrine falcons any day along the cliffs of East Sussex, but in twelve years' residence in that part of the country I have never set eyes on a kite. Many years ago, at a farmhouse near Hastings, a servant girl, hearing an uproar among her poultry, ran out, and seeing a big bird in the act of attacking some youthful ducks and chickens, made at it with her broom. The bird, which was a kite, took so little notice of her that she was able to knock it down and despatch it. The kite's breeding-places in this country are now very few and far between. In Lincolnshire, according to Mr. Howard Saunders, it nested so recently as 1870; its last strongholds were, and I believe still are, in Wales, where here and there a few pairs of these fine birds are allowed to breed.

Kite-hawking.

Notwithstanding the splendour of its flight and its size—it measures 25in. in length as against the 15in. to 18in. of the peregrine falcon—the kite possesses nothing like the courage of some of the lesser birds of prey. In India kites are occasionally flown at with the saker falcon, and afford very fine sport. The saker has a quicker upward flight, and, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the kite, will, if in good condition, manage to beat it. If the kite had the courage of its size, it would offer a much more determined resistance than it does to its more diminutive but high-mettled assailant. But to kill a kite the saker must be in excellent feather and in tip-top condition. Indian native falconers rather neglect this principle, and as they are well aware that even falcons will not fly at a kite unless very sharp-set, they physic them with sal ammoniac or some other drug, and thus render them unnaturally hungry. The wild jungle kites, of course, offer much finer flights than their soft and degenerate brethren of the towns and villages.

Distribution of the Kite.

Our English kite, by the way, has a wide distribution, and is found over most of Europe, as far as Palestine and Asia Minor. It is well known in North Africa and the adjacent Atlantic Islands. In Scotland, where the bird is still found, and, I believe, occasionally breeds, many a kite has been sacrificed for the reason that its tail feathers are much valued by fishermen for making flies. This bird is now so rare in Britain that one may surely appeal to landowners, intelligent keepers and fisher-folk to spare one of the most striking of our raptorials. After all, there are plenty of kites abroad, and dealers can have no possible difficulty in obtaining the necessary feathering for fishing-flies from foreign-bred specimens.

The Cuckoo's Foster-parent.

Many shooting men are still far too often inclined to let go at a hawk—not seldom even at the harmless and ornamental kestrel—whenever one gets up or approaches too closely during a day's shooting. In a contemporary recently a melancholy instance was related of this unfortunate and unnecessary habit. A gunner saw a bird get up, which he believed to be a hawk; he fired, and down came the bird, which proved to be nothing more harmful than a cuckoo—a young bird of the year. When the victim fell, a small bird, believed to have been a meadow-pipit, darted to the side of the dead cuckoo and remained with it until it was picked up. This was the foster-parent, whose devotion to its nurseling was stronger even than its natural fear of mankind. It is a touching little story, well illustrating this unfortunate tendency always to "have a blaze" at a hawk or falcon. The nest of the meadow-pipit is, by the way, one of those most commonly affected by the cuckoo when it wishes to deposit its eggs. The pied wagtail is another foster-parent very frequently victimised, as also are the hedge-sparrow and reed-warbler. But very many other birds are made, *nolens-volens*, the unconscious nurses of the infant cuckoo, including occasionally even such dangerous foster-parents as the jay, magpie and red-backed shrike.

H. A. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

The Hollyhocks—Especially the Yellow Fig-leaved Kind.

OUR attention has been lately drawn to the beauty of the Fig-leaved or Antwerp Hollyhock (Althæa ficifolia), which has the great merit of resisting the fungoid disease unfortunately associated with one of the noblest of garden flowers. A. ficifolia is a species, that is, a native plant, and is distinguished by vigorous growth, without a taint of disease, and stems about 12ft. high, lined with pure yellow flowers, which have a pleasant shade in the full sunlight of day and the cool evening air, when it creates the same impression as the fragrant Evening Primrose. This is certainly a Hollyhock to purchase and to rejoice over for its bold, clean growth and clear yellow flowers. We wish, however, for more than one Hollyhock, and still have faith in the favourite A. rosea, which is the parent of the Hollyhock of our gardens. It need not be mentioned that there is a wide range of colours in the varieties, pure white to crimson, with intermediate tones as varied and beautiful as in the Rose itself. The plants still suffer from the disease, but our experience is that it is less prevalent in seedlings raised in May than in those sown in heat. A large group, mainly double varieties, is flowering strongly and well from plants put in late last spring, the seed having been sown the previous May. There are only faint traces of disease, and the colours are strong and distinct, especially a pure double white and double crimson. It may be interesting to mention that the Fig-leaved Hollyhock (A. ficifolia) is a Siberian plant, and should be grown in the same way as those we are more acquainted with. In a description of it in the *Garden* recently, it is mentioned that "the yellow, Fig-leaved Hollyhock is a welcome change from the monstrously double florists' flowers now so often met with in gardens, which appear, unfortunately, to have ousted the cottage garden Hollyhocks, with their wide, quaint petals and daintily-clustered centres, that were the pride of many a village in the old days. Of all the singles the most delightful is the Fig-leaved kind, which is well worthy of inclusion in the best herbaceous border. The lemon yellow flowers, 3in. to 4in. across, are of delicate texture and most refined appearance, and the tall stems, towering fully 12ft. in the air, set with the softly-tinted expanded blossoms, make a pretty picture in the evening sunshine. The leaves are large, five to seven lobed, somewhat resembling those of a Fig tree. From July to October this Hollyhock creates a beautiful picture in the garden. It is apparently not so susceptible to the dreaded Hollyhock disease as the florists' varieties. It is a native of Siberia, and has been known in this country for over 300 years, being introduced about twenty years after A. rosea. Numbers of self-sown seedlings of this Hollyhock are found in the garden and given away every year." Hollyhocks, it must be remembered, must have a rich soil, and liberal doses of liquid manure are appreciated.

Hollyhock Disease.

There are signs that probably in a few years the disease which has been so prevalent will have spent itself—at least, one can safely write that it is possible to grow Hollyhocks with success now, whereas a few

years ago such a thing was impossible. The name of the pest that attacks the plant is the Hollyhock rust (Puccinea malvacearum). It is easily recognised by the orange spots on the leaves and stems. The offending leaves should be at once removed, but when the plant is covered with the pest no remedy is possible. Burn it—root, stem and shoot—to prevent the spores spreading as much as possible and continuing the mischief elsewhere. If the pest can be got under control after the removal of the offending leaves, spray the plant with the now much-used Bordeaux mixture,

CARNATION KARSLAKE.

which is made by dissolving 1ooz. of sulphate of copper in—to use a well-known recipe—a little boiling water, and add 5gal. of cold water; slake 6oz. of lime in some water and when it is cool pour it into the solution of copper; stir all well together. To test the mixture, so as to make quite sure it will not injure the leaves, hold the blade of a bright knife in it for a minute; if the blade is unchanged it is all right, but if the steel shows signs of a deposit of copper more lime must be added.

Ways of Growing the Hollyhock.

The Hollyhock is usually planted in the stereotyped border, where, of course, it is seen to advantage; but stereotyped ways are apt to become monotonous. The greatest success we have seen with Hollyhocks this year has been among shrubs. A plantation on sloping ground was bright with colour for many weeks—probably is so even now; and this suggests another thought. A shrubbery, or group of flowering shrubs, is bright with colour in the spring-time of the year, then the flowers fade and nothing remains but the shades of green from the leaves. Hollyhocks planted among these shrubs—and no injury results if the planting is not overdone—give colour to the group during the later months of the year. It is for this reason we advocate the planting of tiger and speciosum Lilies among shrubs, or on the fringing woodland, to brighten them in the autumn months.

Some Beautiful Daffodils.

At this bulb-planting-time it may be instructive to point out a few of the more beautiful Daffodils, we mean those not usually seen in gardens, but which cannot be considered rare. Only six are named, as follows:

The Hooped Petticoat Narcissus (N. bulbocodium).—There are several kinds, and all should be grown either in pots or on the rock garden in little nooks where the flowers can be seen. The most beautiful are the lemon-coloured citrinus, monophyllus, or Clusi, a pure white flower of exquisite beauty, and tenuifolius, which is distinguished by rush-like leaves and golden yellow flowers. This group should be more grown in pots in the greenhouse than in the rock garden; the flowers should be close to the eye for their beauty to be realised.

N. cyclamineus.—A charming little Daffodil from Portugal, with pure yellow flowers suggestive of those of a Cyclamen. This also may be grown in pots in the greenhouse, but its home is by the side of a boggy bit of soil, such as in the rock garden where a rill of water runs down the stones and soaks the soil at the bottom. There this Daffodil thrives and gives bountifully of its quaint flowers. It is not of great vigour, and therefore a supply of seedlings, which flower in from three to four years, should be in readiness to fill the vacant places.

N. Johnstoni.—Few Daffodils are happier in the grass than this, or, rather, the variety Queen of Spain. We planted little groups of it some years ago, and they have not only not deteriorated, but increased. This cannot, unfortunately, be said of all Daffodils, the majority of which are a failure in grass after two or three years unless the soil is exceptionally suitable. This group prefers shade, and the bulbs should therefore be planted by shrubberies, anywhere they can receive the grateful shade so much desired. Queen of Spain is the most satisfactory variety.

N. Macleayi—This is a great favourite; it comes from France, and is one of those kinds that may be appropriately grown in a pot. The flowers are unfortunately scentless, but their colouring is beautiful, the segments white, set off by a bright yellow trumpet. It grows in ordinary soil, but should not be planted with the others, as it is likely to be overshadowed. Such Daffodils as we are describing should be grown near the house, and in a place apart.

N. minor.—A more charming trio of Daffodils than N. minor, minimus and nanus it would not be easy to discover. N. minor is a form of our wild Daffodil, or N. pseudo-Narcissus. The flowers are not more than 1¼in. in length, the segments, coloured a soft yellow, being twisted, and the trumpet of a deeper shade. Minimus is smaller; it is a perfect gem among Daffodils, the whole plant rising no more than 4in., and the flowers as small in proportion, the colour a warm yellow. Nanus is the strongest of all in growth, bright yellow, and makes a delightful little group in the rock garden. These also may be grown in pots or in the open garden, but always in places where they can be easily discerned.

N. triandrus, or Ganymede's Cup, completes the six. It comes from Spain and Portugal, and belongs to the group which we may describe as "miniature." There are several variations of it, the most popular being Albus, which is also known as Angels' Tears, the pretty milky white flowers bending tenderly from the fragile stem. These should certainly be grown in pots, otherwise the bulbs are likely to be lost in the border or even in the rock garden. One cannot have too much of this beautiful Narcissus. When seed is sown bulbs result, which flower in about three years, but it will increase itself from self-sown seed, quite a colony springing up round the parent bulbs.

A New Montbretia.

Montbretia Nelson, shown by Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. of Colchester recently, is one of the most beautiful of summer and autumn flowers. The colour is a warm orange chestnut, a mingling of browns and orange with a suspicion of salmon. It is remarkably free and vigorous, and should become popular in our gardens.

Carnations in Tubs.

We are very pleased to show the way Carnations can be grown in tubs, and the following interesting note gives practical information: "I am sending

CARNATION DUCHESS OF ROTHESAY.

you some photographs of Carnations grown most successfully in tubs. I find they do better grown so than in any other way, and they certainly make a most decorative show. The height which they are from the ground shows the grace of the Carnation growth. They are planted in ordinary soil in the autumn, with a thin layer of manure almost at the bottom of the tub. Lady Hermione is too well known a Carnation to need any description; but I find Duchess of Rothesay, which is a beautiful white of perfect shape, one of the most easy to grow.—Lancelot Hugh Smith."

IFORD MANOR, WILTSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF

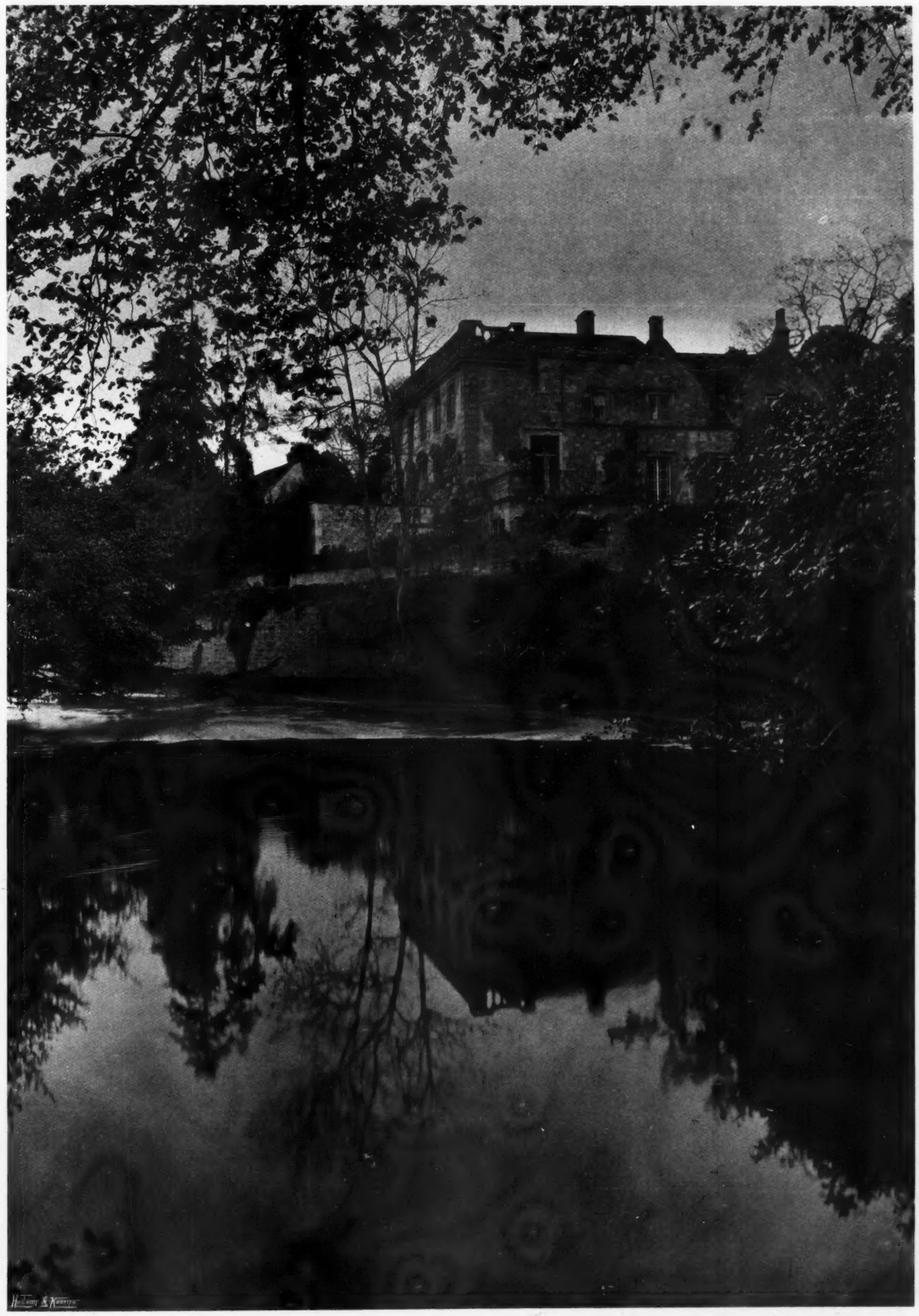
MR. H. A. PETO.

IFORD, a few years back, was an interesting example of a place whose light had been hidden under the bushel of neglect, whose temporary and superficial forlornness allowed its many and inherent charms to be so far overshadowed by its few and remediable defects that the ordinary buyer would have none of it. It needed a practised eye to see its latent possibilities. That they are latent no longer, that the charms are realised and most excellently exhibited in both house and garden, will be admitted by all who look at these pictures, and who will ask with wonder where and what the defects may be. I well remember, when on a bicycle tour, happening upon the place standing half derelict, and being charmed, even in the condition in which I found it, by its splendid hanging woods, its stately terrace walk, its interesting house with so much history in its medley of styles, its pleasant position near the river with its picturesque bridge. Suddenly I recognised it as the place which a house-hunting friend had described to me a year before as being in the market, but as having the defect of being set at the very base of its hanging grounds, with its garden and terrace above it and at its back, its chief elevation being to the road and river, which it rather too closely approached. Besides, the whole place was overshadowed and overgrown, neglected and decayed, and he was inclined to pass it by. The faults, however, seemed small compared with the amenities, and so it fell out that, after the lapse of another year, my friend's somewhat hesitating offer was accepted, and he came into possession of the estate at quite what an agent would call a "times price." Before entering on a description of the condition in which he found it and the work he instituted to bring it up to its present pleasantness, let us rapidly glance at its position and its past.

For the last few miles of its course, and before it drops languidly into the Bristol Avon at Freshford, the river Frome is the divisional line between the counties of Wilts and Somerset, and runs rapidly through a rather narrow valley, whose steep, but broken, sides show nice alternation between rich farm lands and well-timbered woods. A little above Iford the river winds quickly round the projecting Somersetshire spur of Farleigh, on the top of whose precipitous banks the great family of Hungerford, whose name recurs constantly for several centuries in the annals of the two counties, had set their castle. The chapel containing their tombs survives amid picturesque ruins, which tell the tale of a noble fourteenth and fifteenth century abode, largely paid for, as Leland tells us, "by the praye of the Duke of Orleaunce," whom Sir Walter Hungerford had taken prisoner at Agincourt.

THE GOTHIC BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

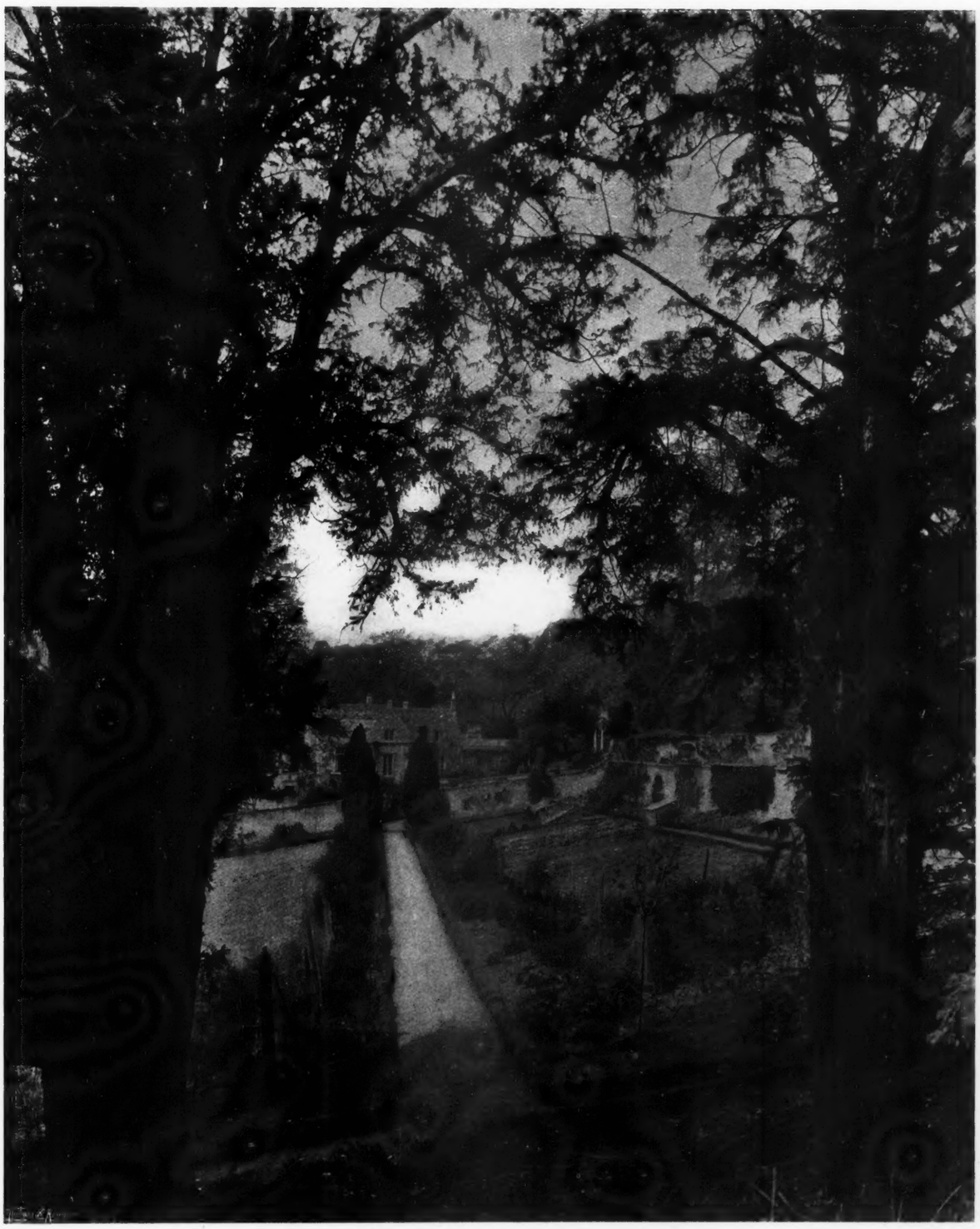


FROM THE WATER-GATE.

"The hall and rooms," says the county historian, "were more stately than any other Baronial house. The tapestry and armour were from Agincourt, Cressy, Calais and Poitiers." On both sides of the river, and stretching widely into both counties, all the land was theirs, and Iford was one of their many manors. Below the castle of Farleigh Hungerford a clothier still plies his trade, for all along the course of both Frome and Avon streams cloth-working had taken a strong hold as early as Henry VII.'s time, its centre being at Bradford, two miles from Iford, which for long more than rivalled its Yorkshire namesake. Here, early in the sixteenth century, the Hortons were the leading clothiers, and the eldest of them was found by Leland to be living in the manor house of Iford. The Hungerfords were still its lords, but, no doubt, William Horton held it under them on easy terms, and such traces of late Gothic work as we find here must be the remains of his house. A fifteenth century window appears in the view which includes the stables, in whose gable end it has been inserted after its discovery during the alterations. Gothic, too, is the whole feeling of the mouldings and ironwork of the window in the garden hall, though it has reached the period of square-headed lights. How long the Horton occupancy lasted is not clear, as, being merely tenants, their name would not necessarily appear in surviving document or record, and long before Iford changed ownership other families had become leaders of the local manufacture. The maker of Wiltshire Bradford's prosperity was especially Paul Methuen, a Frome vicar's son, who married a Bradford clothier's daughter, and, by getting over Dutch workmen in 1659, introduced the weaving of fine cloth in place of the coarse druggets which had been, until his time, Bradford's chief manufacture. He became, in Aubrey's opinion, "the greatest Cloathier of his Time," and the founder of the family now seated at Corsham Court. Bradford swelled into a populous place and a centre of much local trade, so that in those days of shortage of coinage several of its citizens besides "Paule Methwin" have their names on surviving tokens, and among them appear the tokens

LOGGIA AND BALCONY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



FROM THE KITCHEN GARDEN MOUND.

of William Baily, mercer, and of William Chandler, salter. While the great local manufacturer had been making a fortune, the great local landowner had been squandering one. The Hungerfords had got through the Civil War unhurt, for the Sir Edward of that time had been commander of the Wilts forces on the Parliamentarian side; but his nephew and successor so fully reconciled himself to the Crown after the Restoration that he wasted his substance at Charles's dissolute Court, and the crash came. In 1687, Mr. Henry Bayntun of Spye Park, near by, bought the Farleigh estates, and was the last to inhabit the castle. But he did not long retain the whole of the Hungerford lands, for in 1700 we find William Chandler, salter of Bradford, lord of the manor of Iford. In his time, or that of his wife, who survived him, the house largely assumed the form which has continued to our own day. Salting in Bradford seems to have been productive of money and of pride. The sixteenth century manor house, perched on a little knoll of the rapid descent from hilltop to river, was by no means a habitation of size or character suited to the new owners. They employed some fashionable architect to design them a somewhat palatial elevation of classical symmetry. It consisted of a three-storeyed centre, with a pair of two-storeyed wings, a nine windowed front in all of really good Palladian design, with well-moulded architraves and pediments to its doorway and principal windows, a great cornice and a balustrade completing it. All this had to be placed on the western level in front of the old house, whose gabled southern elevation was blended into its new parapeted neighbour. But the architect's elevation seems to have had little relation to the occupier's requirements and plan of rooms. The south wing had no part or parcel therein. But it had to be, or where was the grand symmetrical front which was to show the whole valley and the hills beyond what a Bradford salter could do? So it was set up as an integral part of the house so far as the outside public were concerned, but as a blank wall cutting off the view so far as the inhabitants of the south rooms saw it. To this extent the grand Chandler building

was a whited sepulchre, and this useless and false erection exhibited its naked and ugly back from almost every part of the garden for a period of two centuries. The line of Chandler did not last long amid its new grandeur. In 1743 Iford passed to collaterals, and in 1777 it was purchased by Mr. John Gaisford, and here, two years later, was born his son Thomas, who was to be of that small section of churchmen to whom is offered the chance of saying *nolo episcopari*, and who say it and mean it. His ambition and desire was to rule over that Oxford college which had educated him—to succeed Dr. Jackson in the deanery of Christ Church. The deanery, however, was given to Dr. Sam Smith, while a rich Durham stall fell to Gaisford and the bishopric of Oxford was offered to him. This he refused, and the stall at Durham he exchanged for the coveted deanery in 1830. For a quarter of a century he was a notable figure in his

Copyright. *IN THE FORECOURT.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

University, laying himself out more especially to infuse new life into the Clarendon Press, which had fallen into low water, but which became, under his organising hand and scholarly brain, most fruitful of valuable books, and started on that career of honourable usefulness which has ever since characterised it. Meanwhile, the dean had followed his father at Iford, and here he spent his vacations developing his gardens, grounds and plantations as his father had done before him, for it was when Thomas was a little boy of four that the great cedar in the woodland walk was set. These woodland walks were the dean's delight, and to his fostering care are due the great drifts of snowdrops, the vast colonies of turn-cap lilies that have now established themselves in their thousands as denizens of the banks and glades. The terrace he describes as the most classic thing he knew, a congenial and inspiring spot when engaged on his literary labours. Of Iford in the latter part of the nineteenth century little need be said. A certain number of rather unfortunate "improvements" took place. Then a widow was in occupation, whose view was to leave things alone, which she did with such effect that the estate was also left alone when she died and her executors placed it on the market. It went from bad to worse during the years which elapsed between her death and Mr. Peto's purchase. He found the hanging woods a congestion of neglected trees struggling for survival, and forming a wall of verdure, wanting in light and shade, in form and variety, and spreading its dull density down into the garden, where it met the swelling thickets of unchecked laurel; such intervals as there were between being occupied by meandering paths that seemed to have lost their way and to be without heart to find it again, or by banks and stretches of benty grass seamed here and there by the fading outline of abandoned flower-beds. Even the terrace, so stately to-day, but then closed at one extremity by a cast-iron grille, and losing itself aimlessly at the other amid bushes, and with its sides encompassed by every form of overgrowth, seemed without purpose or charm. Nothing much showed up except the blank back of the sham wing. Nor was the interior of the house tempting; it had been made the worst of with considerable skill, nothing remaining but a few old panelled rooms. Clearly, the whole place needed taking seriously, strenuously in hand; and this Mr. Peto did, avoiding all unnecessary change, curtailing all new work, developing to the utmost extent the inherent character, the natural beauty, the historic atmosphere which belonged to the place. His quick and simple conversion of a most uncompromisingly mid-Victorian drawing-room into a meet and proper setting for his fine Renascence furniture is obvious to those who glance at the illustration of the great parlour. But it was the ground floor which most needed drastic treatment. The sitting-rooms facing the west and open to sun and view were well enough, but the narrow entrance and well-like staircase were only lighted from the back, where the great retaining wall of the steep bank, topped by high trees, made the court dark and dismal. To the right of the staircase, where a sunny south room should have been, was a gloomy little chamber whose southern outlook and whose chimney were cut off by a black passage leading to mere cellarage. The hall and spaces off it were indeed rabbit warrens of the most gloomy type. Now, by the removal of some partitions, by the opening up of the charming Tudor window, the replacement of the chimney, the fitting in of old panelling found in obscure corners of the place, the introduction of a few good features such as the Renascence tapestry and the Gothic corner posts, with their finely carved figures, from an old French timber house, a garden hall has been obtained, sunny and gay, comfortable and inviting, shedding its light and variety into the entrance, of which, indeed, it now forms part, and transforming the whole impression as one crosses the threshold.

On the south side of the garden hall is the garden door. Formerly this stood in a dreary passage and opened on to an equally dreary corner. The great Chandler building had brought the house rather near the lane, which here divides, going westward over the bridge, and eastward leaves the valley and breasts the steep hill. The result was that a mere triangle of ground was left between the garden wall and the grass slopes which occupied the site of the present hanging gardens, and into this triangle the sham wing projected itself, while the rest was

 THE GREAT PARLOUR. "COUNTRY LIFE."

 THE GARDEN HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

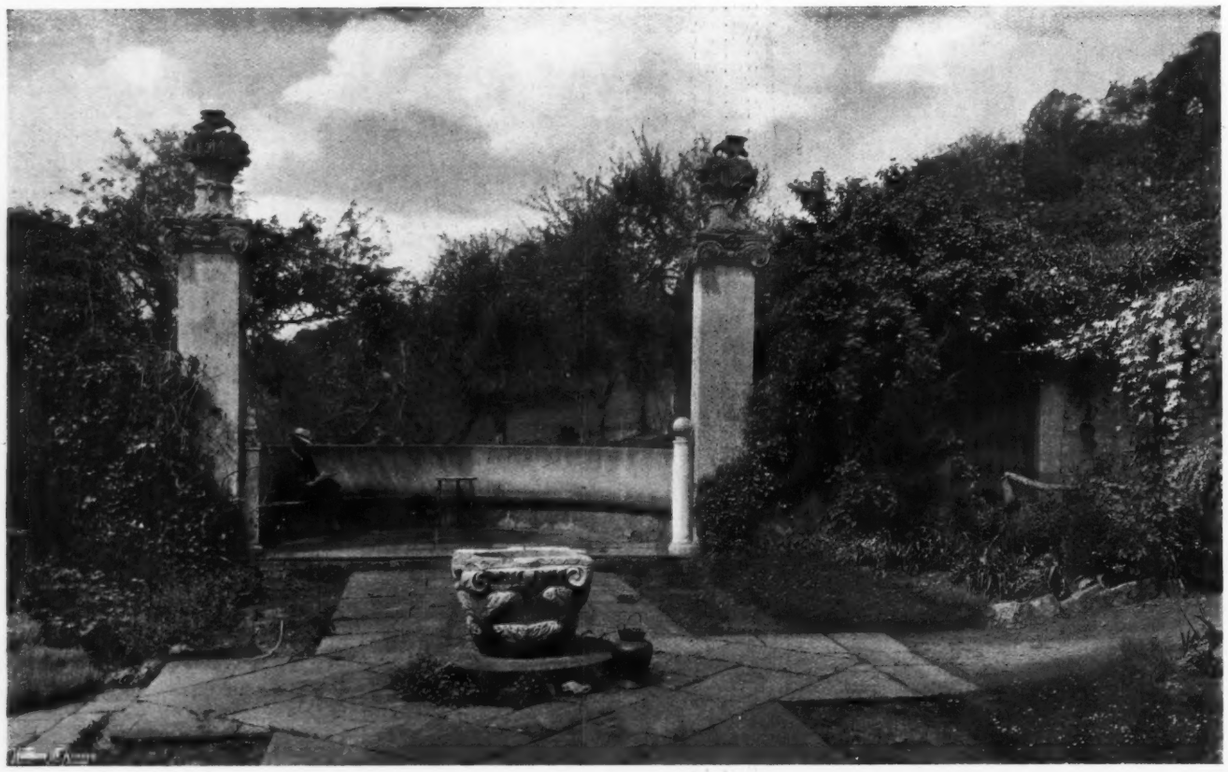
occupied by a serpentine path and a laurel thicket. It was a corner to be avoided, a bit of garden never, if possible, to be visited. Yet this is now that section which these photographs so vividly depict, and which is occupied by the loggia, the paved court and the fountain pool. The west wing wall offered in its fine ashlar and well-moulded cornice all the material needed, except the arcading, which of necessity was new, for the loggia, and also for the wall and doorway, which now divides the forecourt from this intimate spot. The pictures obviate all necessity for detailed description; they show its charm and amenity, and the shapely spaciousness which a careful laying-out of its surface now affords. The clever use of ancient material, of sculptured medallions from Venice, of fine

Copyright. *IN THE HANGING GARDEN.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

old ironwork, and the adaptation of the whole into an agreeable and mellow composition, are too obvious to need insistence. Hence we ascend the triple stairway of the hanging garden, with its sentinel columns crowned with English lead vases or Italian sculptures. Here had been merely dull grass banks and narrow plats cut up by patterned flower-beds. The whole of the dry walls—of admirably mossed and lichened texture—came from a field division near by. They are not only charming in themselves, the home of many a rock plant, but admit of breadth being given to the two grass terraces and their borders of rare shrubs and bright perennials. The upper one of these terraces forms the exit from the conservatory, and into the conservatory the great parlour opens. Thus, though this apartment is on the first floor, it has level access to the garden; the steep bank into which the house cuts thus affording variety of outlet from the rooms and of level to the garden. The view taken from this little upper terrace shows that the woodman has been intelligently at work amid the trees of the hanger. There is no longer a dull opacity. We can now enjoy the anatomy of the clean stems, the glint of the sun through the thinned foliage, the aspect of the horizon through the glades. The last section of the stairway brings us to the main lawn, where the natural slopes are retained, but are broken by the intervention of a rock garden, through which leaps and runs a tiny rill, watering thirsty souls on its way down to the fountain pool, which it feeds musically as it issues through a bronze lion head, and falls amid the water-lilies.

Above the lawn, and at the foot of the hanger, stretches the great paved terrace. The former grille between the gateposts has given way to a semi-circular seat of Ham Hill stone, affording an open view on to the orchard. In front of the seat stands a very ancient well-head, undoubtedly once the capital of one of the columns of a Byzantine temple of about the fifth century. Far away at the other end now stands the excellent garden-house, of which another picture gives the details, and shows the panelled and balustered parapet of its side terrace. This garden-house Mr. Peto moved from the kitchen garden, where it was half buried in the midst of the great yews that form the foreground of the picture of this much-walled and terraced enclosure, which was not, until comparatively recent times, part of the manor gardens, but a separate freehold, the site of one of the two houses which Collinson, in his county history, tells us stood at Iford in the time of John Gaisford. A very interesting little freehold it must have been, so elaborate in the buildings and walls which occupied its one and a-half acres. When Bayntun of Spye Park and Farleigh Castle sold the manor of Iford to Chandler the salter, someone else, surely some quite well-to-do citizen of Bradford, must have acquired this plot, which lies to the south of the lane as it rises up the hill, and is therefore cut off from the manor and its grounds. Here he built himself a house, of which remains of door and windows occur in the lofty exterior wall, and below the house at the river's edge he laid out a walk edged by an elaborate balustrade, whence a flight of steps led to a water-gate and a rocky platform, from which one of these views is taken. At the other end of his little domain, which he divided into four walled sections at differing levels, on the yew treed mound, he built his garden-house, a freestone octagon with Ionic pilasters, the inside panelled in oak and fitted with an oak mantel-piece. Who he was that wrought so finely on so small a space does not appear, but in Dean Gaisford's time, one Brown, a clothier, owned it, and also occupied Iford Mill for fulling purposes. Suicide appears to have been his end, and then the manor was able to incorporate his holding. The house disappeared, the parapet fell into the river, the garden-house showed signs of decay. Now, moved to a more honourable site, and guarded by such portions of the parapet as could be fished up from the river, it stands a noteworthy example of the love of fine garden architecture which prevailed, even among quite small people, some two centuries ago in that region round Bath where men had such excellent material for their buildings and

THE TRIPLE STAIRWAY.



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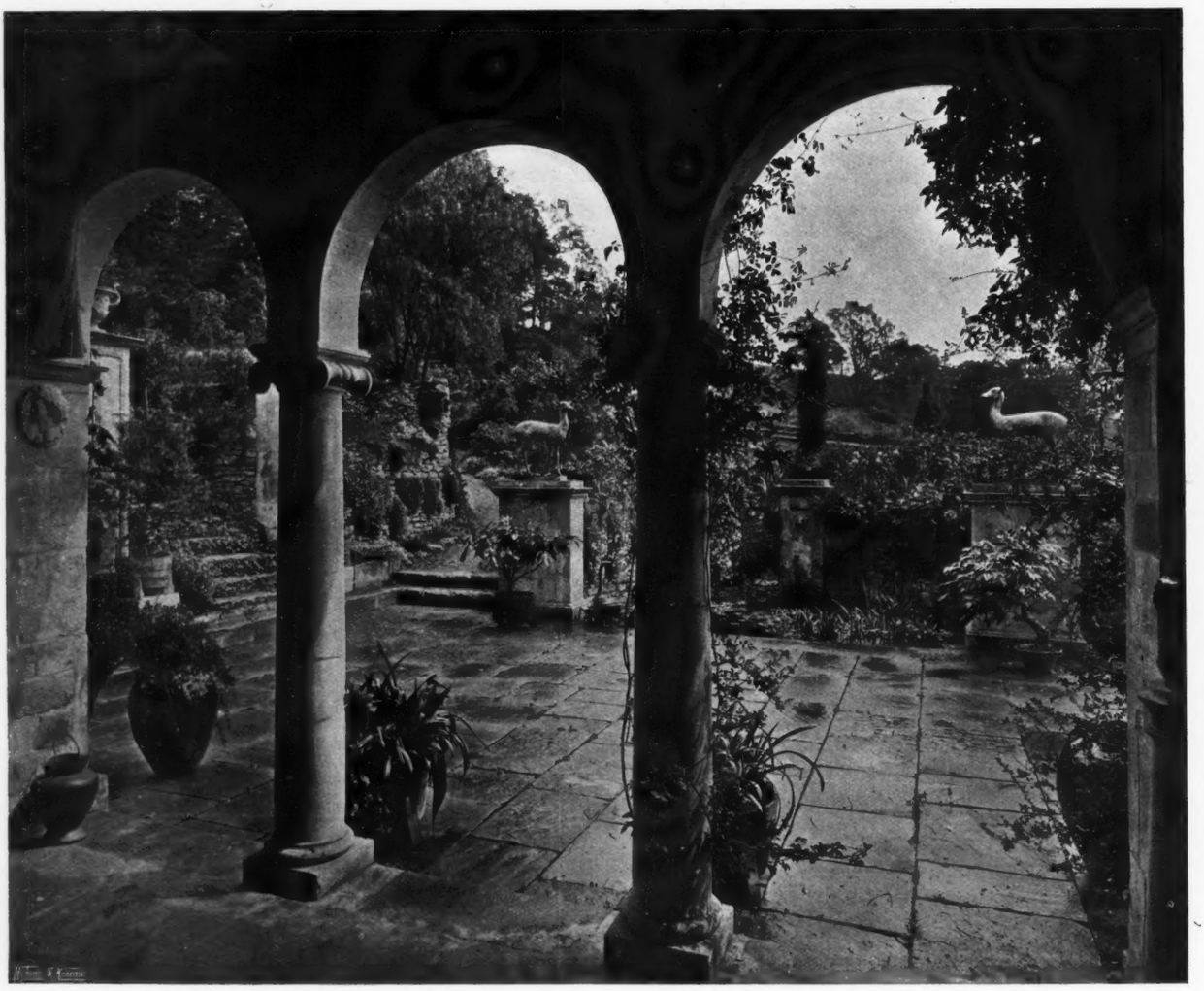

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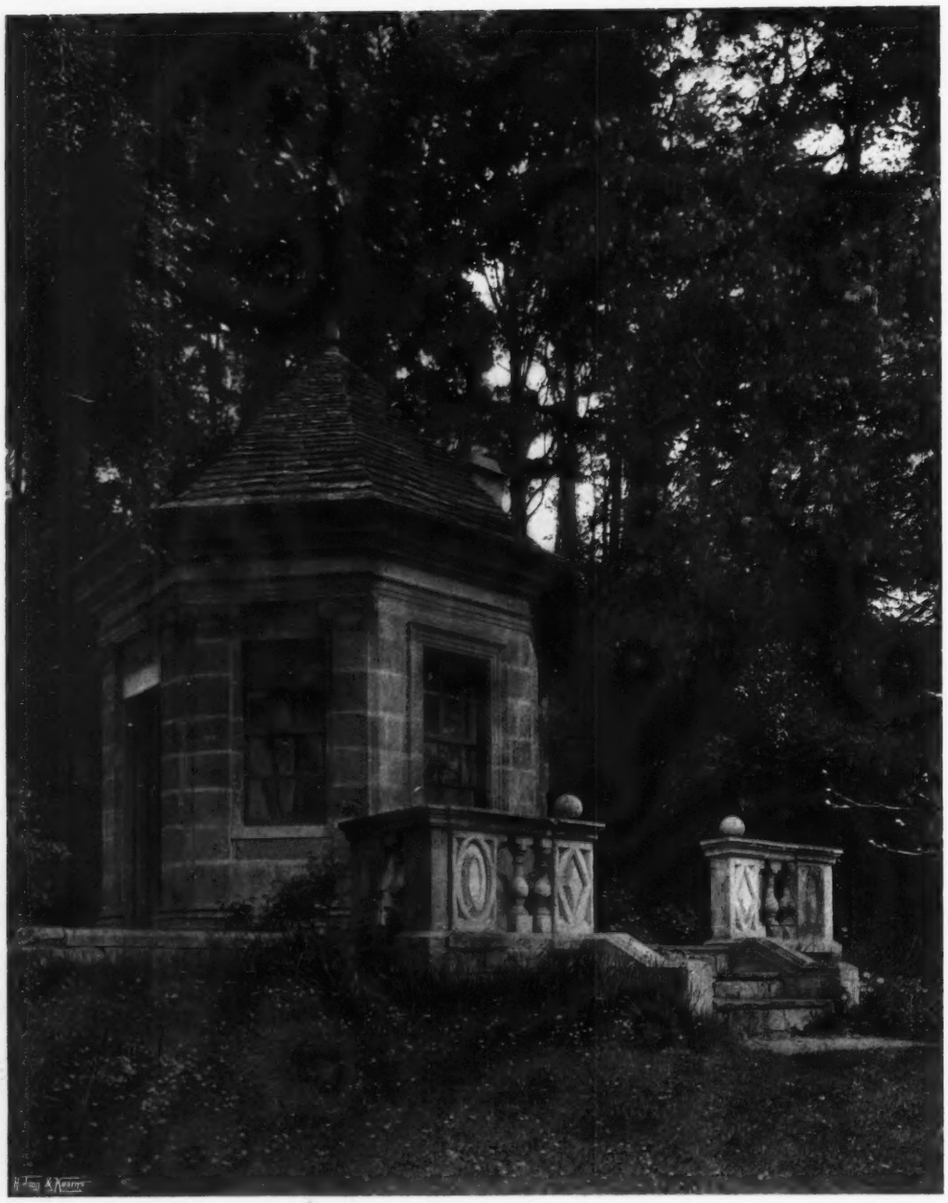
"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GREAT TERRACE.



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used it so worthily and well. For the rest, I leave the illustrations to speak for themselves; they show better than my words the many desirable features of the place, such as the great wistaria in gorgeous bloom stretching right across the classic west front; such as the happy grouping of water, wood and stone where river, bridge, house and hanger meet in the same picture.

Ilford is a museum of art and architecture, a garden of delight and beauty, a happy valley of rural England whose simple charms are not spoiled by modern villas, whose Arcadian silence is seldom broken by the motor's hoot, for its narrow, rough and precipitous lanes fitly keep the rapid wayfarer to the high road far away on the hill, leaving this "haunt of ancient peace" to its quiet denizens. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THERE is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth," says Mr. Kipling in a famous ballad, "when two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth." Sir Gilbert Parker might have taken these phrases for the model of his new novel, *The Weavers* (Heinemann). It is a fine story finely told, and is properly described as a tale of England and Egypt of fifty years ago. For the chief character the novelist probably used General Gordon as his model, but he has not followed his career with any slavish literalness. The points of resemblance lie only in this, that his hero, Claridge Pasha, has a great career in Egypt. He is a man of a singular purity and simplicity of mind, a religious mystic, an altruist, and what is commonly called a "Quixote." He meets Oriental duplicity with plain sincerity, and although called upon to take part in many wild and sanguinary scenes, remains always true to the doctrine of peace. These, we consider, are features that may have easily been taken from the character of Gordon. The differences are equally apparent. In the first place, Claridge Pasha is a Quaker, and his religious convictions differ in kind and degree from the rapt enthusiasm of Gordon. His career, again, is invented, and bears no relationship to that of him who was known as Chinese Gordon before he attained to even greater distinction in Egypt and the Soudan. One point of resemblance is that in an expedition to Assuan, or beyond it, Claridge Pasha is deserted by a weak Government and a faithless Under-Secretary of State: but, then, he emerges scathless from the ordeal, and the book does not work up to such a tragedy as ended the career of Gordon. If we may be permitted to touch upon politics, just for a brief and passing moment, it may be said that Sir Gilbert Parker has not quite succeeded in catching the moral of recent Egyptian history. A very effective contrast might have been made between the careers of a dreamer and fatalist like Gordon and the practical, steady man of affairs like Lord Cromer. One saw visions and dreamt dreams, the other steadily, day by day, performed the practical tasks that lay near to hand, and accomplished what the former only foresaw as dim possibility. However, that is a consideration lying miles away from the merits of the novel now before us. If we understand the aim of the novelist aright, he did not set out with the purpose of being historical in the romance writers' meaning of the term; rather, we take it, did he concentrate his efforts on a study in contrasts between widely different types of character. His hero is nothing if not absolutely real; we do not use the word in a Zolaesque sense, but in relation to mind and character. Claridge is brought up in a small community, under the strict governance of a puritanical little sect. Partly in consequence of this he has no pose, no affectation; what he can assimilate to his temperament is assimilated, but nothing false is taken in, or allowed to become a part of him. His zeal and patriotism and unselfishness are part of his character, not of a *rôle* which he is determined to play. In exactly contrary terms might be described his protagonist, the Earl of Eglington. In a letter, which plays a great part in the story, his own mother had described him as brilliant, able and unscrupulous, sure of winning a great place in the world, calculating, determined and ambitious. He is not real in the sense that Claridge is real; that is to say, his principles and sentiments are the offspring of his mind rather than of his character, they are adopted for the purpose of winning for himself a name, fame and riches in the world. Brought face to face with the crucial tests of life, he sees himself wanting in the fine points of truth, honour and rectitude; as compared with the other he is a simulacrum. Such is the central idea, but Sir Gilbert Parker has surrounded it with the pleasantry that shows to what purpose he has recently spent his time in the East. A multitude of characters, nearly all of whom are individual and well-defined, crowd the stage. The scene alternates between the East and the West, with the dark intrigues of Egypt, the ferocious punishments, the conflicts that mean life or death, in one chapter; and in the next we are whisked away

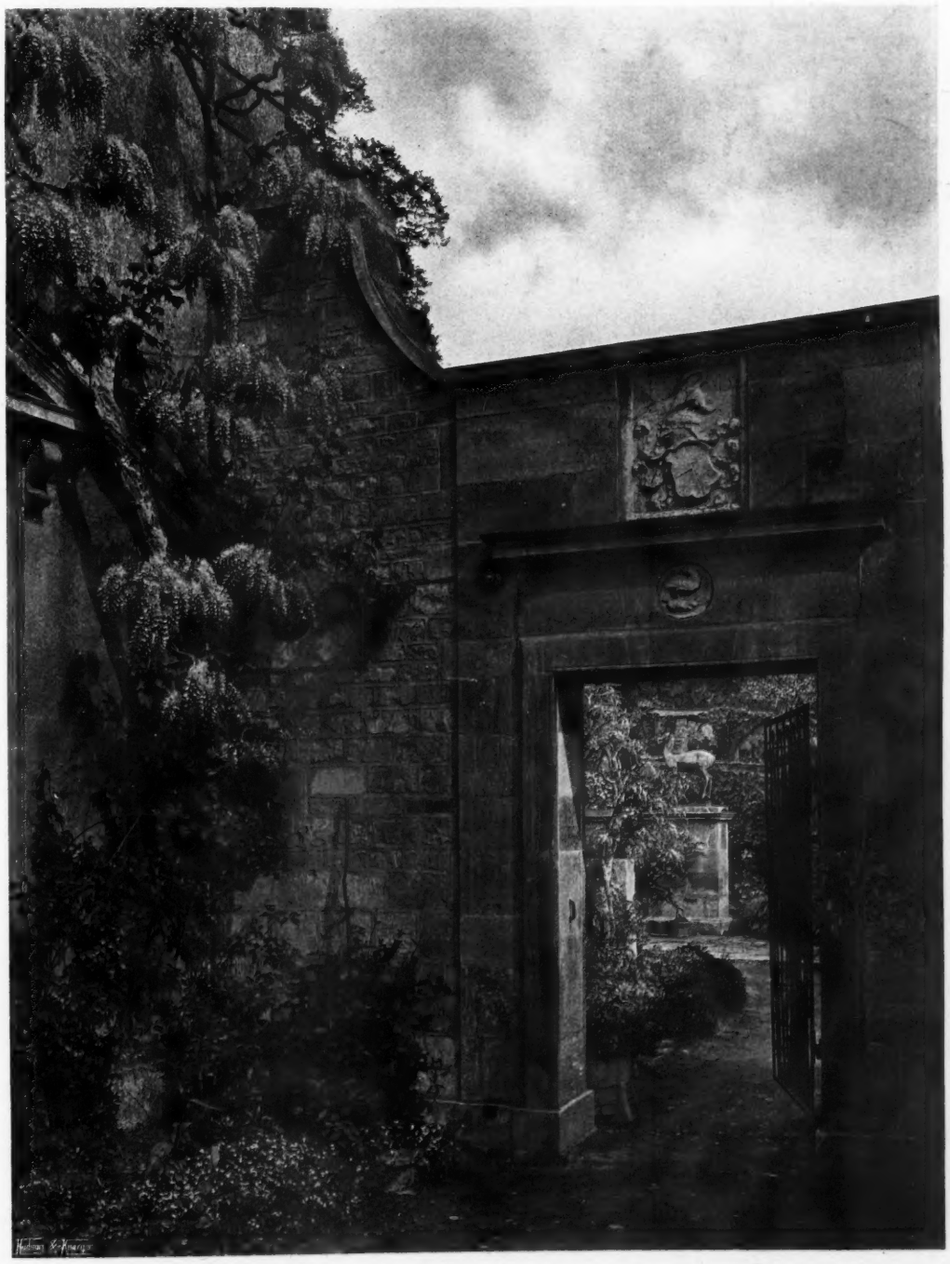
to London, where the conflict is between intellect and intellect, and where craft and guile are opposed to truth and sincerity. In Egypt we have ministers and emissaries, eunuchs and slaves, living their lives according to the Eastern ideal. In London we are brought face to face with the rich and the well-born, the poor and the unfortunate, the abandoned woman, the drunkard, and the scheming politician. Here again we seem to find traces of Sir Gilbert Parker's personal experiences. The attentive student of the book will easily see to what extent the life of Parliament has impressed itself on his imagination. In all this there is something of the world of fashion, and the detachment of the poet, while in spite of it, one hesitates to apply the term great to the novel or its creator. To take the smallest matter first; it contains a number of scenes against style and taste. The Quaker method of address does not lend itself to good literature. "Thee should not practise any deceit," offends against grammar without the atonement of picturesqueness, and we should say, at a rough calculation, there are thousands of sentences of a like construction in the volume. Not at the very end do we reconcile ourselves to this manner of speech, as we do get reconciled to the use of even an outlandish patois if it be employed by a master. Again, many of the chapters end jerkily, as if ultimately destined to be spoken before the fall of a stage curtain. We take an example from Chapter XVIII.:

> The Foreign Minister was bringing his guest towards them. The new-comer did not look at them till within a few steps of where they stood. Then his eyes met those of Lady Eglington. For an instant his steps were arrested. A swift light came into his face, softening its quiet austerity and strength.
>
> It was David.

And another from Chapter XXV.:

> Suddenly a voice was heard outside the door. "Eglington!" it called.
>
> Sooisby started, his hand drew spasmodically away from the wire, and he stepped back quickly.
>
> The door opened, and Hylda entered.
>
> "Mr. Claridge is dead, Eglington," she said.
>
> Destiny had decided.

This reminds us of those novels written to serve as serial stories in some magazine, where an astonishing and exciting situation is followed by the legend "to be continued in our next." It is a practice not worthy of a novelist of Sir Gilbert Parker's standing. Much, too, might be said about the plot; indeed, a very long essay might be written on this subject alone. No doubt ideas of plots have been very much modified with the passing of the years, and even now are greatly divided. Some hold, for instance, that "Tom Jones" has scarcely any plot; once Coleridge considered that it was the greatest plot that had ever been invented. We take it that few will object to the dictum that the object of a plot is to continue and keep alive the interest of the reader. In melodrama this is very largely achieved by mystery. Those who write detective tales, for example, as their highest ambition desire only that the readers should be compelled to pant through page after page with the speed of a motor-car. Those who gain this effect, however, suffer from the defects of other qualities. The story that is torn through at railroad speed can scarcely ever be read again. It has yielded all its interest at a first perusal; therefore, the greater plot is that which depends mainly upon the development, the birth and the growth of a mind. Its manufacture and development, by conflict and opposition, furnish an abiding interest that will endure for a time correspondent to the insight and wisdom of him who makes the story. Sir Gilbert Parker, however, has fallen between two stools. His plot is hackneyed, melodramatic; it contains elements that have figured in some ten thousand novels before—a secret marriage, a disinherited son, a woman married under false pretences, the discovery of the intrigue, the death of the criminal, the reinstatement of the hero. All these are stage properties of the most ordinary fourth-rate novels; and in the development of character not much has been achieved—Claridge Pasha is too perfect and spotless from the beginning. It is true that he is made to sin against the canons of the people among whom he dwells. On one occasion he partakes of strong drink at a public-house bar, kisses and helps an unfortunate woman at four cross roads, and fights the man who had betrayed her; but large though these offences bulk in the eye of the Quaker, they do not estrange the affections of the reader in the slightest, and the subsequent conduct of the hero is too absolutely flawless. The author has not left room for that development in character which we see in Don Quixote or Pickwick, to say nothing of Wilhelm Meister, and a hundred other heroes of the psychological method. So the women, too, are mostly fair and stainless saints, from whom we expect and get nothing but good. What Mr. Winston Churchill calls "a little ginger" would have made the novel approximate more nearly to greatness. On the other hand, the situations are often saved by the wonderful tenderness and passion



 IFORD MANOR: GARDEN GATE FROM THE FORECOURT. "C.L."

that Sir Gilbert Parker can infuse into a scene. At his best these are excellent, but at times they have just a slight tendency to become hysterical. At the same time, a fund of manly sentiment pervades the whole story; it is epitomised in the words:

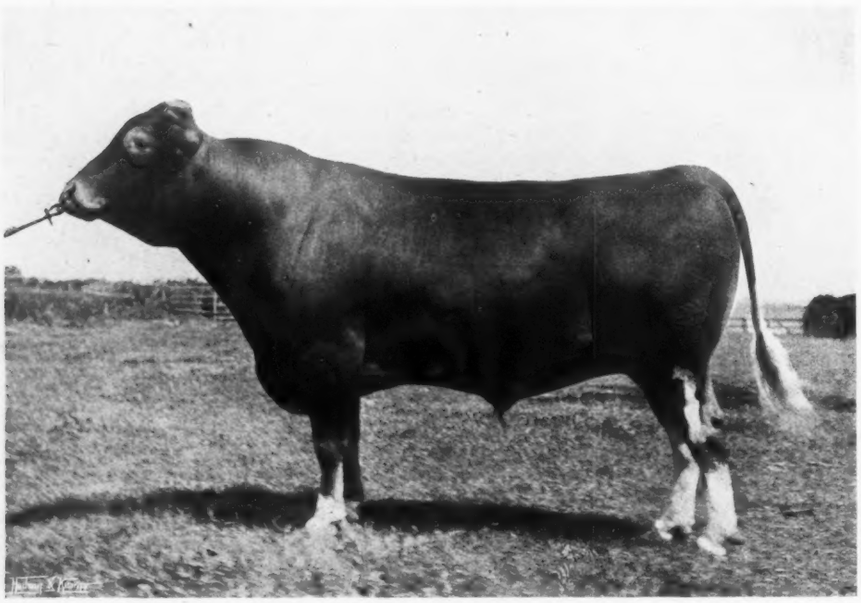
"It is always the same: *Work on!* Seek not to know too much, nor think that what you do is of vast value. Work, because it is yours to be adjusting the machinery in your own little workshop of life to the wide mechanism of the universe and time. One wheel set right, one flying belt adjusted, and there is a step forward to the final harmony—ah, but how I preach!" he added hastily.

The book is one that will add to the reputation of the author, and be found full of interest and entertainment by those who read it.

GUERNSEYS AT GOODNESTONE PARK.

GUERNSEYS AT PASTURE.

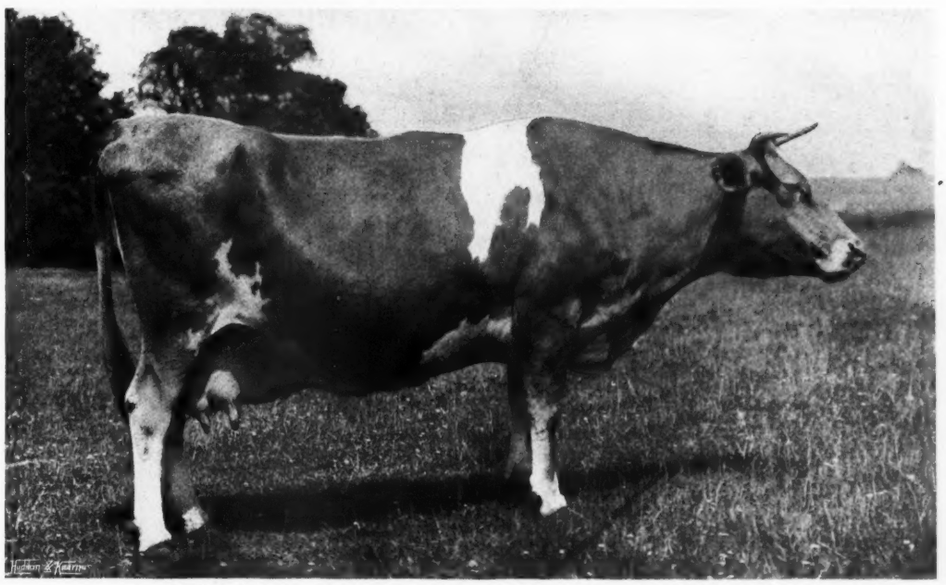
CHANNEL ISLAND cattle do not, at this time of day, require their praises to be much sung, as their merits are well understood; but while Jerseys have claimed a great deal of attention, Guernseys have been comparatively neglected. Yet the Guernsey has great merits as a breed. Originally used as a beast of burden, it has developed greater size and bone than its graceful companion. Now, when cattle are very seldom employed to do the work of haulage, experience has shown that a Guernsey, under proper treatment, is one of the best of our dairy cows; and an excellent opportunity for studying it is furnished by a visit to the herd of Mr. Fitzwalter Plumptre of Goodnestone Park. Mr. Plumptre started Guernseys as a pedigree herd in 1898; previously he had obtained much experience as a breeder, having kept, in addition to Guernseys, shorthorns, Jerseys and Kerries, and it is instructive to know that he ultimately fixed on Guernseys as being, in his opinion, the most useful butter cows for his home herd. At another farm he still kept a dairy shorthorn herd of over fifty head. To establish his pedigree herd of Guernseys he began by making purchases from Mr. Julian Stephens, a famous man in the Guernsey world, who not only sold foundation animals to Mr. Plumptre, but gave him much good advice gleaned from his long experience with the breed. Six cows were also bought at Lord Rookwood's dispersal sale, and by the end of 1900 Mr. Plumptre had a herd of fifty of all ages. He did not find it very difficult to start a herd, and he is of opinion that young breeders will still find plenty of room. Showing is confined to a small number of herds, Guernseys can be bought at moderate prices, and there is a good sale for surplus stock—all points to which the young breeder should give attention. Mr. Plumptre does not think that English Guernseys have always done themselves justice before the public, the state of affairs being in striking contrast to that in the United States, where the breed is a very popular one. Not only are they kept by rich Americans, but the practical farmer keeps his pedigree herd to supply "gilt-edged" milk and butter to his customers in the towns of the Eastern States. In the milking and butter tests at our best shows, the Guernsey has often compared unfavourably with the Jersey, and the reason is that the Jersey men, as a rule, enter specially selected cows for the test, while the Guernsey breeder too often lets his cow, which he has entered in the inspection class, to be judged by her good looks, go in for the butter test "to see what she will do"; but this is obviously the wrong method in which to educate the public to a knowledge of the practical



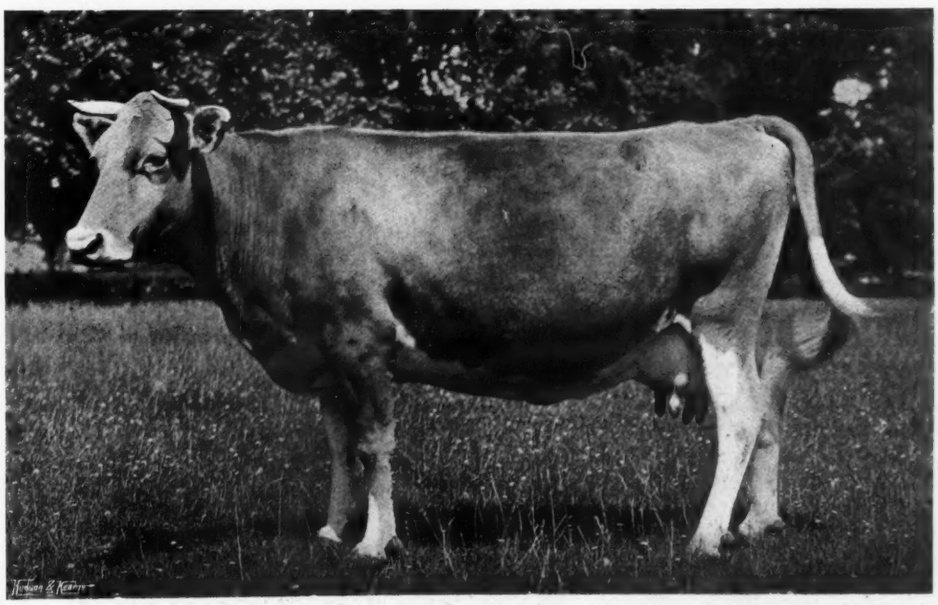
ROLAND OF SEAVIEW X.

merits of the breed. Mr. Plumptre has taken the most practical measure to ascertain the capacity of his cows as producers of milk. He keeps a record of the milk of every cow night and morning, and from time to time tests for butter-fat with a butyrometer. In this way he gains precise knowledge of the capabilities of the cow. A gratifying result has been that he has won over twenty prizes in milk and butter tests. Others seem to be following his example, for at the Royal Counties Show at Maidenhead this year the Guernseys easily beat the Jerseys in the butter-test competitions. Melanie of Goodnestone II., the prize-winner, was bred and owned by Mr. Plumptre, and he also bred the first prize winner, Muriel II., although she is now owned by Mr. Hambro. Melanie II. also won the first prize in the Guernsey milking class at Lincoln Royal Show this year, and was third in the butter-test class open to all breeds, in strong competition for which between fifty-eight and sixty cows had entered. Her sister, Melanie III., was sent to America as a yearling, and distinguished herself in the American Guernsey Cattle Club's official test by giving 740gal. of milk and 387lb. of butter-fat in twelve months with her first calf when she was between three and four years old. Her sire was Suzerain, who was used for five years in the Goodnestone herd; he was grandson of old Mary Rose, the founder of a famous family which, though frequently bred to indifferent bulls on the island of Guernsey, produced calves that without exception turned into noteworthy cattle. There is abundant evidence that Sir H. Tichborne's well-known herd had included many members of this excellent family. The only other great Guernsey family that may be said to stand higher among the Guernseys of the world is the France. Probably the best Guernsey cow in the breed's history was the island-bred France III. From this cow is descended Fleur-de-Lys, born at Goodnestone nearly four years ago, and now one of the stud bulls there. His dam is Rosey IV., one of a great milking family. Her own annual record has exceeded 1,000gal. She has a silk-like skin and fine bone, with the deep frame and rather nervous temperament that mark the dairy cow. Fleur-de-Lys is a bull of rich quality and dairy-like characteristics, who still retains a thoroughly masculine appearance. From his style and breeding he seems in every way likely to reproduce the good quality of his ancestors, in short, to be a prepotent sire. It is this prepotency that is alike the despair and the triumph of the breeder. With it he finds that any progress towards his ideal must be uncertain and slow. Beauty of form, the production

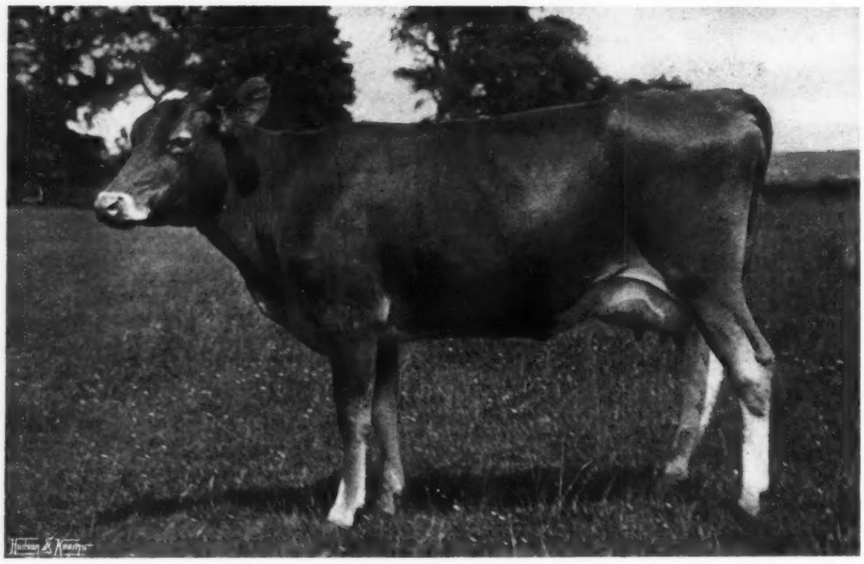
MURIEL XII.



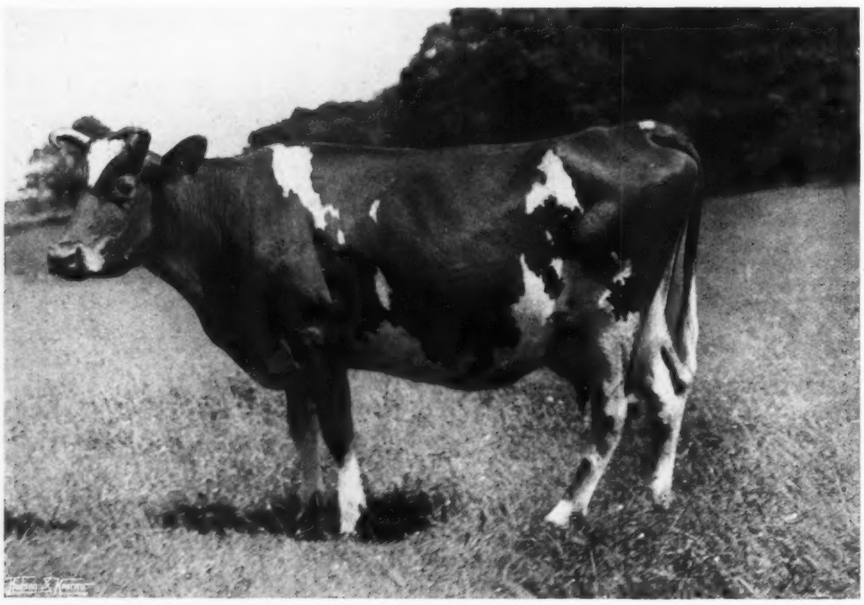
MURIEL VI.



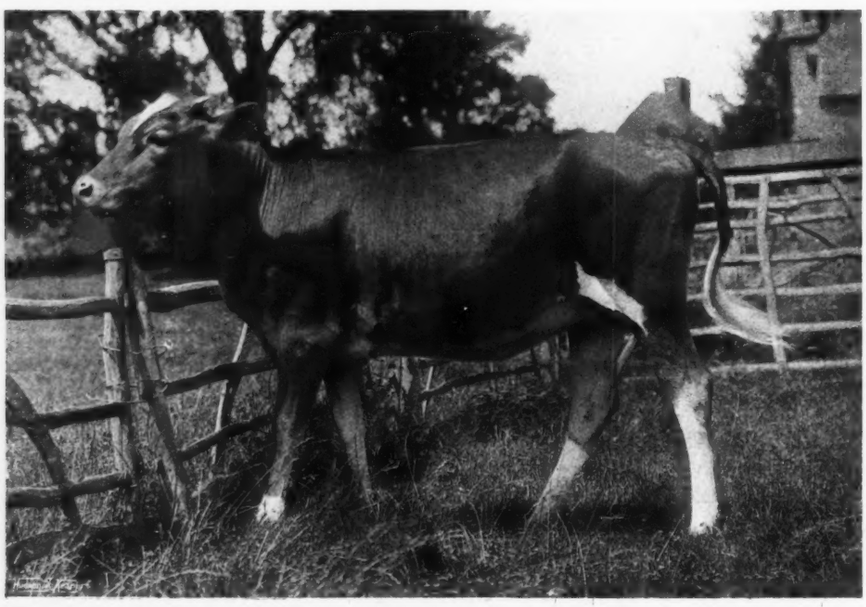
ROSEY IV.



RANUNCULUS V.



MELANIE OF GOODNESTONE II.



MURIEL XXI.

of rich milk and prepotency are the trinity of his aims; but the greatest of these and the most difficult of attainment is the last. The handsomest animal in the herd is the old bull Roland of Seaview X. He is now four years old, and in each year of his life has won the first prize in his class at the Royal Show, as well as many other firsts and championships. His dam, Seaview Rose, is the oldest cow in the herd. Only one year younger is Polly of the Isles, who must have been a beautiful cow in her young days, for she combines in an unusual degree a deep level frame with fineness and quality. These two cows were bought from Mr. Glynn's old herd in the Isle of Wight, and he imported them from Guernsey. Both have descendants in the herd, and other descendants have been sold to the United States, where so many good cattle go. The old cow that may be called the mother of the herd is Muriel VI., now thirteen years old. She was bred by the late Mr. Julian Stephens, and has been a great winner of prizes, which include first and reserve for championship Royal Counties Show, Reading, 1897; first and championship Royal Counties, Portsmouth, 1898; first Royal Agricultural Society of England, Birmingham, 1898; first butter test, Bath and West of England, Croydon, 1901. She has fifteen descendants in the herd, of which the oldest cow, Muriel XII., won first at the Royal as a three year old, and last year at the Derby Royal Show won first in the Guernsey milking competition. Muriel VI.'s youngest daughter, Muriel XXI., sired by Roland X., is a very sweet yearling, and won first in a strong class this summer at the Royal Counties Show, Maidenhead. Among other good cattle in the herd are Ranunculus V., who has won this season, as a two year old, first Royal Agricultural Society of England, Lincoln; first Tunbridge Wells; second Royal Counties, Maidenhead. She was born in February, 1905, had her first calf on April 2nd, 1907, and has averaged over three gallons of milk per day for her first five months. She traces her descent through her sire from the France family. Polly of La Croix IV., eight years old, was bought from her breeder, Lady Braybrooke; she won first prize in the butter test at the Royal Counties, Bournemouth, 1905. Antona XII. is noticeable for the extraordinarily rich colour of her skin, and is a good type of the more robust Guernsey. A younger bull, to whom many of the heifers are in calf, is Suzerain III. He is by Suzerain out of Rosey IV. (both already mentioned), so that on both sides he is rightly bred for getting good dairy stock. He has just been sold to go to Australia, and will be shipped early in the autumn along with a couple of heifers. Eleven yearling heifers, which will come to calf during 1908, are running in a part of the park on the higher ground. A dozen heifer calves are in the small paddocks adjoining the old thatched farm into which the younger ones run at night, and they look a very level promising lot. Mr. Plumptre farms over 1,000 acres, the quality of the land ranging from the brick-earth loam that grows the best hops and cherries, up to the bright chalk uplands that make the best sheep farms. He grows 50 acres of hops, and has won prizes for them at the Royal Show and in other competitions. He

also possesses a flock of Southdown sheep, which has been established here for about 100 years, since the days of his great-grandfather, and of which he is naturally proud. Mr. Plumptre is a vice-president and member of the committee of the English Guernsey Cattle Society, and he is hopeful that we shall establish before long a home test of the milk and butter produce of our cows—a test that shall be made under the supervision of an official and vouched for officially by the society.

SHOOTING.

RED DEER.

THOSE to whom we naturally looked to tell us what the fortunes of the stalker were to be, prophesied us beautifully smooth things in the beginning of the season, and on the whole their forecasts are fairly on the way of being realised; but there are striking exceptions to the rule that stags are big in bulk and fine of head. The exceptions are chiefly on the western forests. There, as cannot be doubted, they are now feeling the worst effects of the very evil spring of 1906, when so many deer died on the West Coast forests. One of the effects of that cruel weather and its fatal results is that a lot of hand-feeding was done last winter on forests where it had never been done before. The best owners of forests, those who cherish the idea of the red deer stag as an animal *feræ naturæ*, wild, of the soil and unspoilt, are very much averse from feeding, unless it be absolutely necessary; but some of them—all, it may be said—are at length convinced that in certain circumstances the necessity becomes absolute. It is a constant wonder to those who take some superficial interest in deer that in the moist climate of the West Coast the pasture should not always be abundant. In a sense there is plenty; but the red deer is rather a nice feeder, and a great deal of this very abundant pasture is of a rather rank and rough nature. The deer do not care for it. There appears to be very little doubt that the pasture has deteriorated as a consequence of the removal from the forests of the sheep and cattle. This is not so much because of any lack of the nutriment which they return to the ground, but rather because the cattle especially tear away the rough grass and leave the finer, which the deer like, a chance to grow. That is the account which the *cognoscenti* give of the affair. It is just possible that they do not take for its full value the increase in the number of the deer, especially of the hinds, all over the country and the consequent increased demands on the pasturage. There is also the point to be considered, that although grass grows abundantly in the moist and soft climate of the West Coast of Scotland, there is less than the normal amount of nutrition in herbage wet on the surface and surcharged with moisture. Everyone knows the evils that the deer, as well as domestic ruminants and sheep, suffer in a time when their only feed is continually wet. Further than this, as a result of the dampness of the West Coast climate, the deer suffer the deterioration in quality, which seems inevitable when their beds and coats alike are constantly wet. They have much to fight against, and probably the conditions of life are harder for them than for deer living in the colder but drier parts of Scotland. A good deal depends on whether the deer, in the one case or the other, have some available woodland to which they can retire to seek shelter. Naturally the red deer is a woodland animal, and it is almost essential for him that he should have this covert, which is his birthright, to resort to in hard times. Stags probably require it even more than hinds.

The West Coast stags have been coming into condition very early this year, and everywhere deer seem to have been unusually forward in getting their horns clean. This was the case as far north as Sutherlandshire. It is reported from the west that a "beast was heard roaring" as early as September 12th, but most probably this was no more than what is known as a "false roar," and did not imply any such very premature anxiety to assemble his wives. Even so, however, taking this in conjunction with other indications, it is fairly certain that, as the stalking season is, on the whole, a good one, so it is bound to end early. The real roaring will begin in earnest before many days of October are gone, and the stags that are to be killed in good condition will have to be killed early. The effect on the West Coast forests of the very bad spring of last year may possibly be beneficial in the long run. There is little doubt that the numbers of the red deer in Scotland are too many for the pasture, and that this is the cause of much of the deterioration in size of body and beauty of horn that is generally lamented, and the numerous deaths in that fatal spring must have gone far to lessen the demand for pasture. Most unfortunately, however, it is pretty certain that it is the sex that we wish to save—the male—that suffers most heavily owing to such causes. In this connection we have a letter of a very well-known professional stalker, head of one of the best forests in the Highlands, of which one sentence runs thus: "When deer die in the springtime, through a severe storm, starvation or poverty, I have invariably found twice as many stag calves dead as hind calves. I am quite convinced of this, as I never miss a dead deer of any sort without examining it." He adds a little further on in his letter: "There are many deer found dead after a bad spring, and the case is put down generally as the effect of bad weather. This is a mistake, though the bad weather helps. Many die of old wounds, and many more from the effects of warbles—calves in particular." Now the numbers of the two sexes, respectively, which come to the birth are just about equal. This is vouched for both by the unimpeachable testimony of the man whom we have been quoting, as well as by others who have taken every opportunity of examining both calves and dead hinds. It was perhaps necessary, therefore, that there should be the greater delicacy in stag than hind calves which this 100 per cent. bigger death-rate of the former in bad seasons indicates, in order to reduce the proportions of the sexes to that in which we find them, and in which it is more or less essential that we should find them in the case of a species so fiercely polygamous as the red deer.

WARBLE-FLIES.

IT is generally admitted that it is to be a splendid season for the stalker, but, for all that, we hear complaints from many forests of the deer being more troubled than usual this year by the warble-fly. This is the fly of which there are two species, or varieties, recognised as attacking cattle, and no doubt they correspond to the two species which the stalker finds troubling his deer. By "stalker," in this last sentence, we mean the professional man who has charge of the forest. The two warble-flies which science knows as specially noxious to domestic cattle in Great Britain are Hypoderma lineata and Hypoderma dovis. The life history of the latter does not seem to be fully ascertained, but it is generally presumed to be similar to that of the former, namely, that the eggs are laid by the fly on the heels or some other part of the mammal, which licks off the eggs and so transfers them to the esophagus, whence the larvæ make their way through the tissues till they arrive just below the hide, there making the lumps which are called "warbles" (possibly a corruption of "marbles"). The larva in its last stage finally works its way out of the warble, which is a centre of great irritation and festering, falls to the ground, still in its last skin, and there pupates until it comes out as a perfect insect.

STALKERS' ENTOMOLOGY.

It would be no use, so far as deer are concerned, mentioning the remedies or alleviations which are used in the case of cattle, because they involve handling the cattle. But deer find help for themselves against the flies by seeking shade and water. As a rule, the flies are not at all active unless the weather be very warm, and will not follow animals into shade or water—facts which make it the more curious that deer should be troubled by them more than usual this year. The Highland stalkers, as a rule, speak of two kinds of warble-fly, including under the name of warble-fly a fly which certainly corresponds much more closely, if it is not quite identical, with the sheep-nostril-fly (Œstrus ovis). This they call the "red-bearded warble-fly," and, scientifically, they are quite right in classing it with the others, for it belongs to the same family of Œstridæ, only it is not a warble-fly, if by this name is meant a fly which causes warbles or lumps under the hide. The eggs are laid at the entrance to the nostril of the hart, the larvæ breed within the nostrils and neighbouring channels, and are coughed or sneezed out when full grown. Some people choose to derive the name of warble from the warbling hum which these flies make on the wing, and on that derivation the Œstrus ovis is a true warble-fly also, for its hum is quite audible, and the fear and annoyance that the buzz causes the animals are as marked as, and similar to, those caused by the other species.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES]

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANGLICANISM AND AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am surprised that no member of the Church Militant has taken up his cudgels to meet the writers of the article upon "Anglicanism and Agriculture" and the letter signed "G. M. G." Let me, however, take up a pen to correct, or at least attempt to controvert, suggestions which appear to me to be ill-founded and ungenerous. The first is that the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others with him, alarmed by a rumour that an experiment might be made with the glebe lands of the Church of England, have carefully considered the matter, with the result that he and they are willing and eager to co-operate in the provision of small holdings. Those who have made themselves acquainted with the question of allotments and small holdings know that the greatest essentials to success are good land, accessibility and a market. Glebe, as the writer of the article correctly points out, is generally "the best land and in the centre of the parish." Consequently, it meets the requirements of the case, but also, when divided up, it both shows a larger profit than when held in one hand, and reduces the necessity for the incumbent to become farmer. Besides, although it might be within the strict legal rights of the holder of the living, many would hesitate to institute so great a change without authority. It is at least fair to mention such practical reasons as assist the work and influence of the clergy and tend to the advantage of their parishioners and themselves. No one will dispute the contention that it is best to separate the clergyman from the conduct of mundane affairs; but it would have been more to the point if the writer of the article and your correspondent had given a present-day instance or two in which cause for complaint had arisen, rather than go back to the end of the eighteenth

century for an example to support the argument, and then, too, to select one from the pages of such an admittedly "humorous and striking" novelist as Fielding. But is there any occasion for this outburst? Neither of the writers affirms either that it is a general practice for parsons to act as farmers, or that they are acquainted with any particular clergyman who abuses his office in this way. Nor do they quote from the watchful Press of the day. Why, then, trot out Trulliber's pigs any more than other evils "vividly exposed" by the same author? With an intimate knowledge of a considerable part of the Eastern Counties, and probably there is as much glebe land there as anywhere, I unhesitatingly say that the practice is to let the glebe and not to keep it in hand. About the bad times of 1895, when a quarter each of wheat, barley and oats fetched together the lowest sum ever recorded, two or three having land thrown on their hands were obliged to work it; but I never knew an instance where glebe land was farmed from choice. This, too, in spite of the full opportunity afforded by the ample acreage for clergymen to turn farmers. For instance, in the Parliamentary division with which I am best acquainted, there are seven livings with over fifty acres of glebe, the actual figures being 338½, 330½, 263, 194, 120, 61 and 58. Even if this were otherwise there would be no occasion for any haggling and bargaining between the parson and his parishioners. Corn and seed are almost invariably sold by sample to a dealer, and stock by an auctioneer in the local markets. Eggs and butter are almost invariably fetched by the same man week by week from the farm or sent to the same shopman. The picture of the farmer, whether parson or not, selling his produce to a neighbour in the parish is not truthful of the general practice. I challenge the writer of the article and your correspondent to say where they have lived and what country markets they have attended. My justification for putting the question so plainly is the assertion in the leading article that the argument advanced "applies still more" to the tithe, an assertion which shows clearly a want of acquaintance with this phase of country life. The collection of the tithe was no doubt a cause of irritation and loss of influence between the parson and his parishioners before 1837, but by the Act of that year it became a rent-charge, which is not now payable by the tenant, but in all cases by the owner of the land since the Tithe Act of 1891.—EX-M.P. FOR AN EASTERN COUNTY DIVISION.

[Our correspondent misses the point. The suggestion that glebe lands might be utilised for small holdings originated inside the Church, and is supported by churchmen. Dissenters have given it a far from enthusiastic reception. In regard to tithe the objection is that as long as clergymen are paid on the basis of a septennial average of the price of wheat there must be an undesirable fluctuation in their income. Commutation was a step in the right direction, but it has led to the extraordinary position that, whereas the country is annually becoming more pastoral, the tithe is calculated on an arable crop.—ED.]

PEOPLE AND THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very glad to see in your issue of the 14th inst. an able article on my communication to *The Times* I think, however, I am free from the charge of having assumed that the movement I depict "is wholly inspired by a desire of country people to get into towns." On the contrary, in my first table I show that, while the country lost 124,151 young men in 1891-1900, the towns gained only 27,890. The case in the preceding decade was shown to be similar. I have, it is true, expressed surprise that the open country continues to support so many persons; but I have not pretended to say how this is done. To assist in elucidating the matter, I have made out the enclosed tables as to the rural districts in (1) Norfolk and Suffolk, and (2) Cumberland and Westmorland, where in 1891-1901 there was the heaviest loss of population. You will see, for instance, that in Norfolk and Suffolk the numbers over twenty were 126,809 males against 127,664, 137,153 females against 137,387—a reduction in ten years, but a very small one; and I shall be glad of any light you or your readers can throw upon the subject.—THOMAS A. WELTON.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK, EXCLUDING CERTAIN DISTRICTS *

Males.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations Gain.	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†94,599	—	3,466	11 940	79,193
15	29,976	—	6,257	692	23,027
20	28,797	—	12,307	683	15,807
25	24,386	—	9 456	752	14,178
30	16,982	—	2,515	757	13,710
35	15,584	—	1,043	770	13,771
40	14,285	—	548	815	12,922
45	12,269	—	281	904	11,084
50	11,491	—	573	1,036	9,882
55	10,691	—	446	1,253	8,992
60	9,708	—	118	1,574	8,016
65 and upwards	36,654	—	559	17,648	18,447
	305,422	—	37,569	38,824	229,029

Females.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations Gain	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†91,973	—	3,987	9,890	78,096
15	30,001	—	8,941	778	20,282
20	27,717	—	10,650	791	16,276
25	21,034	—	4,554	844	15,636
30	17,140	—	1,028	860	15,252
35	16,256	—	880	873	14,503
40	14,979	—	771	892	13,316
45	13,648	—	796	957	11,895
50	12,745	—	809	1,066	10,870
55	11,818	—	743	1,275	9,800
60	10,877	—	468	1,599	8,810
65 and upwards	39,924	—	616	18,513	20,795
	308,112	—	34,243	38,338	235,531

* Viz., Norwich (with Blofield and St. Faith's), Ipswich (with Woodbridge), King's Lynn, Erpingham (including Cromer), Yarmouth and Mutford.

† Enumerated at age 0—5 plus ten years' births, 1891-1900.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND, EXCLUDING CERTAIN DISTRICTS.*

Males.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations. Gain.	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†24,539	—	1,480	2,992	20,067
15	7,651	—	974	175	6,502
20	7,215	—	2,100	196	4,919
25	6,894	—	2,331	231	4.332
30	5,417	—	1,216	243	3,958
35	4,563	—	485	263	3,815
40	4,124	—	312	298	3,514
45	3.971	—	427	338	3.206
50	3,519	—	289	380	2,850
55	3,053	—	266	449	2,338
60	2,757	—	176	549	2,032
65 and upwards	8,585	—	247	4,445	3,893
	82,288	—	10,303	10,559	61,426

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40	4,681	—	427	298	3,956
45	4,026	—	338	309	3,379
50	3,515	—	234	331	2,950
55	3,166	—	135	386	2,645
60	2,742	—	203	480	2,059
65 and upwards	9,103	—	138	4,459	4,506
	83,940	—	7,814	10,042	66,084

* Viz., Carlisle, Whitehaven, Cockermouth (including Workington) and Bootle (including Millom).

† Enumerated at age 0—5 plus ten years' births, 1891-1900.

CEREALS AND BACTERIA.

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SIR,—The accompanying photograph may be of interest to your readers. It shows the results of a research extending over three years, the object of which has been to obtain a nitrogen-fixing bacterium for the growth of cereals. The research is not yet complete in all details, but our experiments with the organisms we have isolated, upon barley, wheat and oats, point to the possibility in the near future of soil inoculation for cereals as well as for leguminous crops. — W. B. BOTTOMLEY.

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SIR,—There is a widespread opinion, especially among breeders of dogs, that a female that has once produced young by a sire of a different breed from herself is liable afterwards, if mated entirely with pure-bred sires of the same breed as herself, to have mongrel offspring. Again, it is a common practice for owners of valuable pedigree sires only to allow them to be mated with pedigree females of the same breed, for the reason that so many breeders consider that a pure-bred sire that is allowed to serve females of various breeds cannot be depended on afterwards to beget stock true to type. I cannot, however, say that I have ever had a clear proof that either of these theories is correct; but, until the contrary is absolutely proved, it must be the wisest plan for breeders of valuable stock to run no risks. All breeders of livestock have found that it takes many years of careful breeding before they can establish an uniform type; and, where comparatively new breeds have been obtained by crossing two distinct breeds and then breeding from selected specimens of their offspring, even after very many generations an animal will be born resembling one or other of its original ancestors; and it is my humble opinion that it is these cases of what breeders term "throwing back" that are so often mistaken for cases of Telegony. I think, if a polled bull served a shorthorn cow and almost immediately afterwards he served a polled cow, there might be

a chance of the bull "conveying infection" from the shorthorn cow to the polled cow, but not if a reasonable time had elapsed.—F. N. WEBB.

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SIR,—The accompanying photographs of a badger were taken by me last May, when I was staying in a cottage on the shores of Lough Derg for the May fly-fishing. About twelve o'clock I was walking through a small field close to the lake, when some distance away I saw a greyish brown animal, which turned out to be a full-grown badger. He was very busy eating grass, so without disturbing him I called a friend who was near to come and watch him while I ran back to the cottage for my camera. When I returned the badger was still near the same spot, and still much too intent on eating to notice that he was being watched. The field was full of small clumps of briars, much used by rabbits for sitting under. Getting one of these between myself and the badger, I crept to within 2yds. of him and had snapped him with my Goerz before he had time to recover from his surprise at seeing me. He drew himself up and hissed at me, then turned and ran into one of the clumps of briars, but only for a moment; the next he was seen emerging from the other side and starting to eat grass again, as if he had not seen food for a week. I was able to take six photographs of him in this way, and after a bit found it was not necessary to take elaborate precautions against frightening him. He merely seemed annoyed at being disturbed in his meal to be photographed. The photographs were taken about twelve o'clock. At three o'clock we saw the badger in the same field and again at six, eating hard all the time. We never saw him again, although we looked for him several times.—B. POE.

STOAT RUNNING DOWN ITS PREY.

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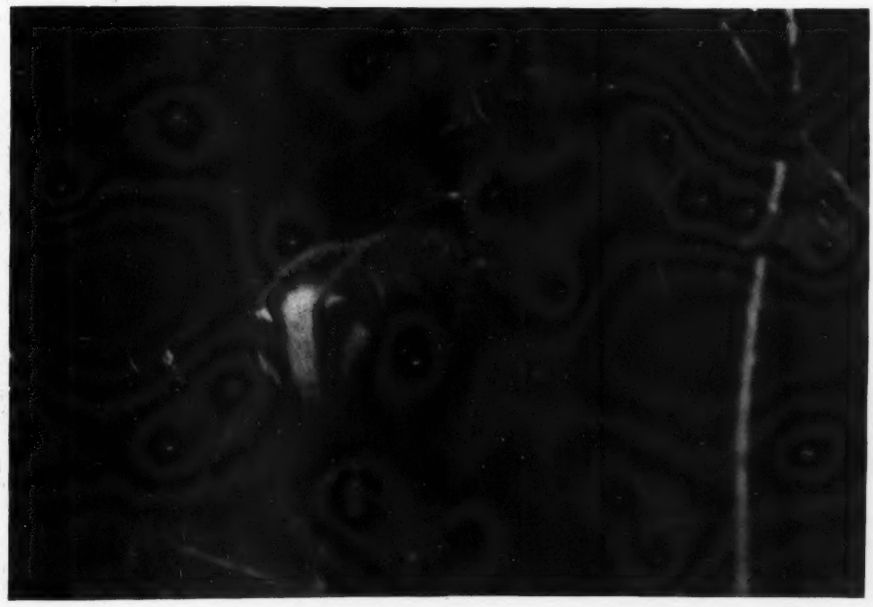
SIR,—It is, of course, well known that the stoat hunts for its prey by scent, following up the trail, until the animal or bird it is pursuing stops and skulks, when it springs upon it, and kills it by biting it at the base of the skull. This, those of us who have watched the habits of our native wild animals have witnessed many times, but the following incident, which came under my personal observation some time ago, strikes me as so abnormal a chase, by a stoat after a rabbit, that I am induced to relate it. I, in company with another man, was engaged in marking timber for felling, in a small wood some seven miles from the town of Bedford, when a rabbit rushed in a desperate hurry through a meuse in the hedge dividing the spinney from the high road running alongside of it, and nearly ran against our legs. Feeling certain something was in pursuit I leaned over the low hedge, and saw, at a distance of some 100yds. along the road, a very large stoat puzzling out the scent, like a beagle. In a few minutes he came through the same meuse the rabbit had used; scent here in the wood being evidently better, he put on a great pace. In about 20min. (we not having moved many yards from our former position) we were surprised to see the rabbit come through the same place, and take the same course across the



century for an example to support the argument, and then, too, to select one from the pages of such an admittedly "humorous and striking" novelist as Fielding. But is there any occasion for this outburst? Neither of the writers affirms either that it is a general practice for parsons to act as farmers, or that they are acquainted with any particular clergyman who abuses his office in this way. Nor do they quote from the watchful Press of the day. Why, then, trot out Trulliber's pigs any more than other evils "vividly exposed" by the same author? With an intimate knowledge of a considerable part of the Eastern Counties, and probably there is as much glebe land there as anywhere, I unhesitatingly say that the practice is to let the glebe and not to keep it in hand. About the bad times of 1895, when a quarter each of wheat, barley and oats fetched together the lowest sum ever recorded, two or three having land thrown on their hands were obliged to work it; but I never knew an instance where glebe land was farmed from choice. This, too, in spite of the full opportunity afforded by the ample acreage for clergymen to turn farmers. For instance, in the Parliamentary division with which I am best acquainted, there are seven livings with over fifty acres of glebe, the actual figures being 338½, 330½, 263, 194, 120, 61 and 58. Even if this were otherwise there would be no occasion for any haggling and bargaining between the parson and his parishioners. Corn and seed are almost invariably sold by sample to a dealer, and stock by an auctioneer in the local markets. Eggs and butter are almost invariably fetched by the same man week by week from the farm or sent to the same shopman. The picture of the farmer, whether parson or not, selling his produce to a neighbour in the parish is not truthful of the general practice. I challenge the writer of the article and your correspondent to say where they have lived and what country markets they have attended. My justification for putting the question so plainly is the assertion in the leading article that the argument advanced "applies still more" to the tithe, an assertion which shows clearly a want of acquaintance with this phase of country life. The collection of the tithe was no doubt a cause of irritation and loss of influence between the parson and his parishioners before 1837, but by the Act of that year it became a rent-charge, which is not now payable by the tenant, but in all cases by the owner of the land since the Tithe Act of 1891.—EX-M. P. FOR AN EASTERN COUNTY DIVISION.

[Our correspondent misses the point. The suggestion that glebe lands might be utilised for small holdings originated inside the Church, and is supported by churchmen. Dissenters have given it a far from enthusiastic reception. In regard to tithe the objection is that as long as clergymen are paid on the basis of a septennial average of the price of wheat there must be an undesirable fluctuation in their income. Commutation was a step in the right direction, but it has led to the extraordinary position that, whereas the country is annually becoming more pastoral, the tithe is calculated on an arable crop.—ED.]

PEOPLE AND THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very glad to see in your issue of the 14th inst. an able article on my communication to *The Times*. I think, however, I am free from the charge of having assumed that the movement I depict "is wholly inspired by a desire of country people to get into towns." On the contrary, in my first table I show that, while the country lost 124,151 young men in 1891-1900, the towns gained only 27,890. The case in the preceding decade was shown to be similar. I have, it is true, expressed surprise that the open country continues to support so many persons; but I have not pretended to say how this is done. To assist in elucidating the matter, I have made out the enclosed tables as to the rural districts in (1) Norfolk and Suffolk, and (2) Cumberland and Westmorland, where in 1891-1901 there was the heaviest loss of population. You will see, for instance, that in Norfolk and Suffolk the numbers over twenty were 126,809 males against 127,664, 137,153 females against 137,387—a reduction in ten years, but a very small one; and I shall be glad of any light you or your readers can throw upon the subject.—THOMAS A. WELTON.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK, EXCLUDING CERTAIN DISTRICTS *

Males.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations Gain.	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†94,599	—	3,466	11 940	79,193
15	29,976	—	6,257	692	23,027
20	28,797	—	12,307	683	15,807
25	24,386	—	9 456	752	14,178
30	16,982	—	2,515	757	13,710
35	15,584	—	1,043	770	13,771
40	14,285	—	548	815	12,922
45	12,269	—	281	904	11,084
50	11,491	—	573	1,036	9,882
55	10,691	—	446	1,253	8,992
60	9,708	—	118	1,574	8,016
65 and upwards	36,654	—	559	17,648	18,447
	305,422	—	37,569	38,824	229,029

Females.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations Gain	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†91,973	—	3,987	9,890	78,096
15	30,001	—	8,941	778	20,282
20	27,717	—	10,650	791	16,276
25	21,034	—	4,554	844	15,636
30	17,140	—	1,028	860	15,252
35	16,256	—	880	873	14,503
40	14,979	—	771	892	13,316
45	13,648	—	796	957	11,895
50	12,745	—	809	1,066	10,870
55	11,818	—	743	1,275	9,800
60	10,877	—	468	1,599	8,810
65 and upwards	39,924	—	616	18,513	20,795
	308,112	—	34,243	38,338	235,531

* Viz., Norwich (with Blofield and St. Faith's), Ipswich (with Woodbridge), King's Lynn, Erpingham (including Cromer), Yarmouth and Mutford.
† Enumerated at age 0—5 plus ten years' births, 1891-1900.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORLAND, EXCLUDING CERTAIN DISTRICTS.*

Males.	Population 1891.	Result of Migrations. Gain.	Loss.	Loss by Death.	Population 1901.
0—15 ...	†24,539	—	1,480	2,992	20,067
15	7,651	—	974	175	6,502
20	7,215	—	2,100	196	4,919
25	6,894	—	2,331	231	4.332
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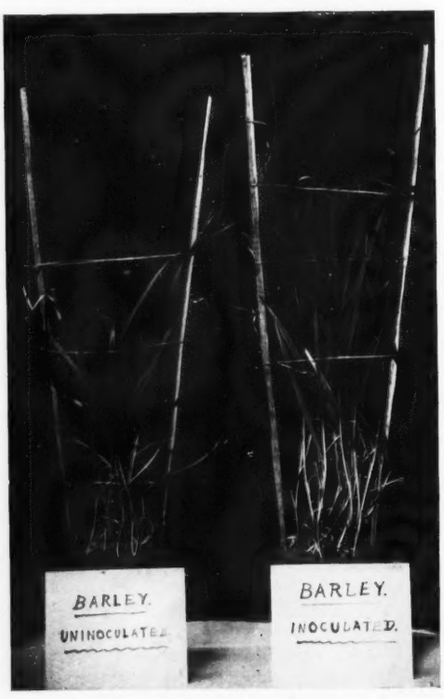

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STOAT RUNNING DOWN ITS PREY.

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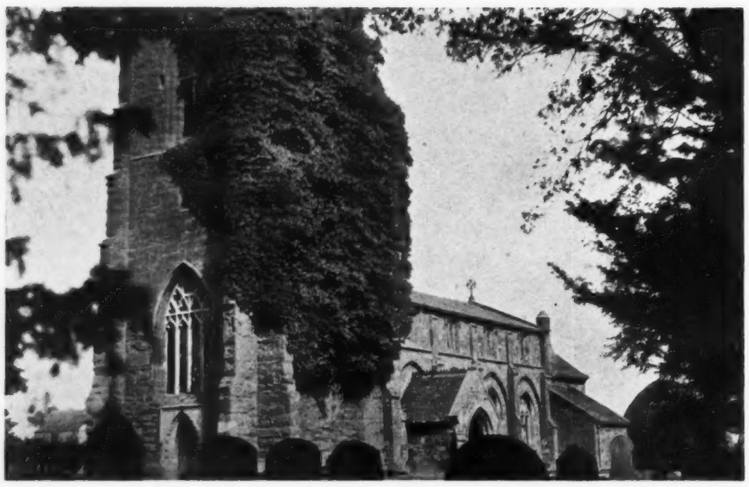

wood. This time the stoat, who had gained many yards on his former relative position, was going at a great pace, but not running in view. We were now so much interested in the hunt that, allowing the stoat time to cross to the other side of the spinney, which was not very wide, we started to run after the chase. We then saw that the rabbit had crossed the road higher up, and was in full career up a furrow of a big rising ploughed field, at the top of which it entered a large wood, and in a minute or two we could see it leave the wood, cross another road (which joined the first-mentioned one at right angles) some 250yds. away from us and enter a third wood on the opposite side. Believing now that if the rabbit could last it might continue its former route, we kept perfectly still, and sure enough in a quarter of an hour the rabbit came through the same meuse as that it emerged from on the first occasion, looking terribly distressed; but this time the stoat was running in view; was taking quite long bounding leaps and ran into its quarry in the ditch the opposite side of our spinney, poor bunny giving vent to the usual screams of distress. We waited 4min. or 5min., and then proceeded to the kill, but there had not been one. The stoat, who, perhaps, was too much winded, had not given the fatal grip, and seeing us approach left the rabbit, which immediately ran in our direction and away through the spinney on a new course. Whether the stoat picked up the scent again and followed, I do not know, although we waited about to see. From first to last, the distance they ran could not have been less than two and a-half miles, even supposing we saw the very first of the find, and I should think it is very unusual that such a long run takes place.—LUTRA.

THE LOGANBERRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of September 7th, a correspondent gave his experience of the loganberry. I think it probable that his soil (alluvial on chalk) has no more to do with his low opinion of the loganberry than it has with his rather slighting reference to cream and sugar. In defence of all three commodities, I would suggest that the soil, cows and grocers of Blandford produce as good logans, cream and sugar as the soil, cows and grocers of most other places, and that it is all just a matter of tastes differing. On the other hand, your correspondent may have secured a worthless seedling variety of the loganberry, for it is a fruit which is easily grown from seed, and might not always come true.—CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

A HANDSOME FUNGUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a very decorative fungus that has made its appearance on a tree stump in the garden at Teviot Lodge, Hawick. Tropæolum speciosum was planted to climb up the stump, and its graceful foliage forms a very effective background for the fungus. I believe the name of the fungus is Polyporus squamosus, or Dryad's Saddle.—ISABEL TURNBULL.

IVY IMPERILLING A CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The tower of Yarburgh Church has come very near ruin, owing to the ivy which covered it. We have just been able to save it in time. The chief danger arose from the fact that the ivy tree sprang from below the foundations of the tower, and grew up for some distance in the very heart of the wall. It emerged through a joint in the stonework about 6ft. or 8ft. above ground, and proceeded to cover the tower to the summit. The tower is a very fine one, some 62ft. high, and dates from about the year 1400. The foundations were being lifted out of place, when the wall pushed outwards, and there was already a great rent in the solid masonry. It has been necessary to underpin the tower and renew the foundations and lower portion of the walls. The trunk and roots of the ivy which have been taken out are very remarkable, the trunk looking like some huge serpent twisting and turning in all directions. I have been able to trace the history of the ivy for about 200 years, and it is probably much older. We are now struggling, in this poor parish, to raise the funds needed to pay the debt incurred in this necessary work.—ROBERT WILLAN.

PLANTAINS IN CRICKET PITCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me of some simple process to eradicate plantain from a cricket-ground?—R. W. HEWSON.

[We have tried acids and salt inserted carefully into the crown of the plant, and have not found them a success. We believe the best plan is to hire two or three old women, stretch lines across the pitch and let them work carefully down them, with weeding knives getting every particle of root out that it is possible to reach. Boys are useless. Only very thorough work will have any effect.—ED.]

"THE MASTER WORKMAN."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have read with very great interest Bertram Smith's article, "The Master Workman." He doubtless possesses an interesting specimen; but I can assure him there is nothing mediæval about him, and by no means is he the last of his race. Should any reader require a fac-simile of his total abstainer and non-smoker included, I shall be pleased to give information necessary to obtain him.—FRANK FOSKETT, Clapham, Bedford.

PUNCH AND JUDY SHOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think the accompanying photograph of a Punch and Judy show may be of interest to your readers. These amusing puppet-shows, which are, unfortunately, becoming rarer every year, travel usually in country districts, though recently a very clever one has been visiting different parts of London and attracting large and enthusiastic crowds. It may not be generally known that the word punch is a contraction of punchinello, which is itself a corruption of pulcinello, the droll character in Neapolitan comedy. The origin of the character is veiled in obscurity, but the drama of Punch and Judy as now known is attributed to Silvio Fiorillo, an Italian comedian who lived in the seventeenth century. Later on in the same century it was introduced into this country, where it very soon established itself in popular favour. It is a great pity that these shows, which abound with wit and humour, should now be met with so rarely.—D. G.